

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,009

MARCH 30, 1889

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



▶ \*STRAND\* ◀

190

▶ \*LONDON\* ◀

PRICE NINEPENCE



# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,009.—VOL. XXXIX.  
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EDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889

TWO EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENTS

PRICE NINEPENCE  
[By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



A CORNER AT THE DANCING CLASS  
THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES



## Topics of the Week

**NAVAL DEFENCE.**—In the debate on their scheme of naval defence the Government have made out a sufficiently good case for the proposed increase of the Fleet. With few exceptions, all Englishmen agree that it is necessary for the country to have a Navy strong enough to protect its interests, and every one who has a right to an opinion on the subject seems to hold that at present, if attacked, we should be exposed to the risk of terrible disasters. Whether the proposals of the Government are large enough, the public have no means of knowing; but, if we may trust disinterested experts, it is certain that any less extensive plan would be wholly inadequate. So far, there is no very serious dispute about the matter; but when we come to the question of ways and means, the case is widely different. Here, undoubtedly, Mr. Cremer truly represented the feeling of the Democracy when he grumbled about the fresh burdens which are to be imposed upon tax-payers. If we cannot have a sufficiently powerful Navy without paying more money, more money must of course be paid; but it has not been proved that the sums which are wanted could not be obtained by proper administrative reforms. That the Naval Department is economically managed no one is bold enough to assert. It is notorious that the system necessarily involves an immense amount of waste, and that a thrifty nation would long ago have compelled its rulers to adopt less extravagant methods. Had the Government, in proposing to strengthen the Navy, proposed at the same time to reform the Admiralty, they would have received general support not only in Parliament but in the country. Mr. Cremer and other Radicals have done good service by insisting on this point, and they will do well to "peg away" at it until the absolute necessity for change is universally recognised.

**SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.**—During the discussion of this subject on Tuesday evening the House of Commons presented a spectacle of unanimity which is very rare in these days of bitter partisanship. The reason for this good-humour is obvious. Everybody was sincerely anxious to abate or abolish the evils complained of, and the only divergence of opinion consisted in the manner of accomplishing this achievement. Sir J. Fergusson showed wisdom in proposing a modification of the terms of Mr. Buxton's motion. Peremptorily to summon a Conference of the Powers would almost certainly lead to failure; to ascertain whether the Powers are willing to meet in this manner may possibly produce some practical result. Our remarks may appear to anti-slavery enthusiasts unduly cautious, if not pessimistic, but they are justified by well-known facts. Ever since the slavery question first began to stir the consciences of Christian men, England is the only country which, in her national capacity, has systematically endeavoured to abolish the traffic. England set the first example of freeing the persons held in bondage in her own colonies; and she has since spent millions of pounds and thousands of valuable lives in her endeavours to stop the export of slaves from Africa. No other nation can in this respect show such an honourable record. The Abolitionists of the United States deserve the highest credit for the courage with which they faced obloquy and persecution, but for years they were in a hopeless minority, and the manumission of the Southern negroes was finally achieved by considerations of political expediency. Two of the greatest Colonial Powers next to ourselves, the Dutch and the Portuguese, have never shown any ardour against slavery, in fact, if left to themselves, they would have preserved "the domestic institution" as it was sixty years ago. The anti-slavery ardour of the French is indicated by the fact that even now they allow their tricolour flag to act as a legal safeguard of the slave-merchant's goods. As for the Germans, they are a very new Colonial Power, but those persons must be very innocent who imagine that their invasion of the Dark Continent is primarily due to a desire to put an end to slavery. When we add to these considerations the prevalence of slavery as a time-honoured institution in Turkey, Arabia, and Persia; as well as the fact, clearly brought out by Mr. H. H. Johnston, that the negro tribes are quite as eager to enslave each other as the Arab raiders are to enslave the negroes; it must be admitted that the task proposed by Mr. Buxton is one of a very difficult character, and one in which we shall have few, if any, sincere allies.

**SIR RICHARD WEBSTER.**—Political passion must indeed be running high in this country when an eminent lawyer of such irreproachable character as the Attorney-General is arraigned in the House of Commons for grossly dishonourable conduct. Sir William Harcourt brought that charge against Sir Richard Webster in the first instance, and, although he subsequently tried to tone it down to an imputation of unfairness, the *amende* was made with too ill a grace to serve as an adequate withdrawal. That the Attorney-General made a blunder in his speech by confusing the date of one letter with that of another is perfectly true. But this mistake was committed after Sir William Harcourt had made his attack, and it was not included, therefore, in the act of impeachment. That rested upon no evidence worthy of the

name; never has the House of Commons listened to weaker argumentation. But we have no intention of entering at length into a debate which never ought to have taken place. Sir Richard Webster is no more capable of the base conduct imputed to him than Sir William Harcourt himself. There is not a man at the Bar but knows it to be so; not one who would not accept the Attorney-General's word as sufficient vindication. It is a most mistaken policy on the part of the Gladstonites to fling mud about in this fashion. Some few pellets may stick here and there, but the hands of the throwers will be indelibly begrimed. Even in the present instance, the party has suffered much damage, not only in reputation but in cohesion. The abuse which has been showered upon Sir Horace Davey and the other Gladstonian lawyers of eminence who left the House sooner than help by their votes to blacken Sir Richard Webster's fair fame, will not render them more inclined to follow Sir William Harcourt on future occasions. Even before this incident, there was a perceptible rift in the Separatist lute, which Mr. Gladstone may find it difficult to mend.

**TWO QUEENS.**—We live in an extremely democratic age, but even Democrats found something to interest them in the visit of Queen Victoria to Queen Christina at San Sebastian. A more picturesque meeting has not taken place for many a day. It seems to have been brought about simply by a womanly impulse on the part of the two Queens themselves, and we cannot doubt that, when it was over, their only regret was that it had not lasted a little longer. In some respects Queen Christina is one of the most striking figures of the present age. The people over whom she rules as Queen Regent have always found it hard to submit to foreigners, and many of them are either fanatical Republicans, or still more fanatical Anarchists. Yet she has experienced little difficulty in discharging the functions of her great office, and the Monarchical principle seems to command deeper respect to-day in Spain than it did in the lifetime of her husband. This success she owes not to any charm of manner, but simply to strength of intellect and character, and the best wish that can be formed for the Spaniards as a nation is that during the minority of her son they may continue to benefit by the qualities which have already enabled her to do so much for her adopted country. It must have given Queen Victoria genuine pleasure to meet so remarkable a ruler, and we may be sure that it was not less agreeable for Queen Christina to have an opportunity of talking with the most famous of Constitutional Sovereigns. They could not have found a more appropriate meeting-place than San Sebastian, which is intimately associated with one of the most stirring eras in the history both of England and of Spain.

**HAMPSTEAD HEATH EXTENSION.**—Although the success of this movement was assured many months ago, it was not until last Saturday that, at a meeting held at the Duke of Westminster's house, the Executive Committee laid their formal report before the subscribers to the fund. A most excellent work has been achieved, the value of which will be more and more appreciated as London stretches out its brick-and-mortar battalions further and further into the green fields. Hampstead Heath, with the additional 260 acres now secured by purchase from Lord Mansfield and Sir Spencer Wilson, will form one of the finest and most picturesque pleasure-grounds of which any city can boast. The County Council should lose no time in adapting this newly-acquired area to the requirements of the public. As a pleasure-ground it needs little or no embellishment—it is already a model park; but more footpaths will probably be required, and it will have to be made more accessible from the southern boundary, the region beyond which is inhabited by a dense, and rather poor, population. Let us hope that the County Council will show more boldness and speed in acquiring open spaces than did their predecessors. Parliament Fields might have been secured for the public twenty years ago for much less money than has now been paid, if the Board of Works had had the pluck and foresight to undertake the purchase; and, even lately, the scheme narrowly escaped shipwreck, but for the help afforded by the three Northern vestries, by the Charity Commissioners, and by the liberal subscriptions of private persons. If, as Lord Hobhouse eloquently observed the other day, we can impress upon Londoners the real unity of London, the general body of ratepayers will cease to grumble at local improvements, which are really intended for the benefit of the whole community.

**SAILORS AND SHIPS.**—The subscribers to the Lifeboat Institution may point with just pride to the splendid record of philanthropic work their liberality has accomplished. In his interesting speech at the annual meeting, Mr. Chamberlain quoted statistics showing that the rate of mortality among sailors at sea is steadily and largely diminishing. The loss of life is still too large, nor can there be much doubt that a certain proportion of unseaworthy vessels manage to get to sea. But philanthropy is gaining ground at every point, and the time seems not very remote when the loss of life in the English mercantile marine will not be greater than the perilous nature of the service renders

inevitable. As regards the part played by our lifeboats in this work of humanity, they can claim to have directly saved six hundred and twenty-six lives last year, while the Institution also subsidised coast-boats which rescued one hundred and seventy-four more people from a watery grave. In one way and another, therefore, the expenditure of 64,000*l.* kept some eight hundred poor shipwrecked men and women alive, who would most certainly have died had no such fund been in existence. But the money does more than this; it keeps alive and brings out among our maritime population that spirit of dare-devil heroism which laid the foundations of England's Imperial greatness. Never was money better spent; among all the benevolent institutions of this benevolent land none is worthier of support than the Lifeboat Institution. And John Bull shows solid appreciation of that fact by furnishing the funds out of his private purse, without waiting for one of those State invitations to contribute which no British subject may refuse.

**MUZZLING THE GERMAN PRESS.**—The German Government is preparing serious trouble for itself by its plans for a new Press Law. It may be said that "coercion" in Ireland deprives Englishmen of the right to criticise any scheme of this kind which may be proposed in a foreign country. It would be ridiculous, however, to compare the system in force in Ireland with the scheme which is being discussed in Germany. Even now Irish journalists enjoy almost unlimited freedom in comparison with the liberty possessed by German journalists—a fact which would be speedily made plain to any Teutonic scribe who ventured to say about Prince Bismarck half as much as Irish newspaper men say every day about Mr. Balfour. As for the new measure, it would, if accepted, place the German Press absolutely at the mercy of the Government. Fortunately for the Germans, there is not much chance that it will become law. Even the National Liberals, who have so often come to the help of Prince Bismarck, complain that in this instance they are being asked to do more than can be reasonably expected of them; and the Radical and Clerical parties are of course unanimous in protesting against proposals which are in no way necessary for the rigid control of Anarchists. In Germany the time is past for this sort of legislation. Prince Bismarck is now an old man, and after him no statesman will be powerful enough to rule the country as he has done. The Government can hope to make itself permanently strong only by winning the respect and confidence of men of genuinely Liberal opinions and sentiments.

**GRATIS STEAM-BOAT EXCURSIONS.**—The London public are accustomed to cross bridges without paying toll, but a trip on a steam-boat for nothing is a decided novelty. This latter form of amusement, moreover, is of a kind which highly commends itself to the young Cockney. Students of police-reports will have noticed that when small boys rob tills, or otherwise acquire money feloniously, they frequently spend part of their ill-gotten gains in making excursions up and down the river on board of the penny boats. How much nicer, then, to be entitled to this recreation for nothing, and without any uneasy qualms of conscience! At all events, Young Woolwich has taken kindly to this idea. The new Free Ferry (of which we give a description and illustrations on another page) seems to be rather too much of a success. The boats are crammed with children and older persons who travel to and fro for amusement, so that workmen who want to cross for business purposes cannot find accommodation, and prefer to pay twopence for the use of the Great Eastern Company's ferry boat. Perhaps, when the novelty wears off, the idlers will cease to come in such shoals, otherwise, for the protection of genuine travellers, it will become necessary to levy a small fee for the transit.

**RUSSIAN CREDIT.**—The long-talked-of Russian Conversion scheme is launched at last under the benevolent patronage of the Rothschilds. Five loans are included in the present operation, but the amount will not nearly suffice to pay all of them off in full, and it is, therefore, intended to deal with the issue of 1870 in a lump, and the others by instalments. It shows how Russia's credit has improved that she is now able to exchange Four per Cent. Bonds at a few points below par for Five per Cent. obligations which she issued less than twenty years ago at 80. No doubt many other nations could show equal appreciation of credit, but in the case of Russia it has occurred quite suddenly. Within recent years the Stock Exchange has often discussed the likelihood of the Czar finding himself compelled to reduce the rate of interest on the External Debt. Every Budget showed a fresh deficit; agriculture had fallen into a "parlous" condition through the competition of America and India in wheat-growing; the rouble continuously depreciated in value; taxation could not be increased any further; expenditure on warlike undertakings seemed impossible to be checked. And to add to all these other factors of ruin, there was the standing contingency of the Empire being rushed into a great war. It is not surprising, therefore, that Russian bonds went out of favour with British investors, or that Messrs. Rothschild declined to have anything more to do with financing the unwieldy Empire. The present Czar, however, never lost courage. Resolved that, whatever might result, he would keep faith with his foreign creditors, he set to work to lop off



unprofitable expenditure, and at the same time did what he could to develop the intrinsic resources of his dominions. These efforts now have their reward in the establishment of Russian credit on about the same level as that of the prosperous Republic of Chili.

**THE EIGHT HOURS' MOVEMENT.**—Some Swiss social reformers are starting a Society which may exercise considerable influence on what is called the Eight Hours' Movement. Their object is to secure, if possible, that common action shall be taken in the matter by the various nations of Europe. This is undoubtedly the true way in which to attack the problem. Suppose the English Parliament were at once to decree that the hours of labour should be limited to eight. Would the results be, on the whole, favourable to workmen? In some highly complicated industries no harm would be done, because the artisans connected with them have few competitors in foreign countries. But many trades would be simply ruined by the new system. On the Continent workmen would continue to labour ten or twelve hours a day, or even longer; and their employers would, therefore, find it easy to undersell the English producers. If the eight hours' rule is to be adopted, it must be adopted everywhere, so that no one may be able to snatch from it an unfair advantage. Workmen who are interested in the matter ought to follow the example set in Switzerland, and deal with the question as an international one. Their task would be difficult, but success might not be unattainable, since in every civilised country a great many people are already of opinion that eight hours' work in the day is about as much as any man or woman can be fairly expected to do thoroughly. Let this opinion become general, and Governments would soon be found willing enough to act upon it.

**RAILWAY REFRESHMENT ROOMS.**—Earl Beauchamp's Bill provided that no refreshment license should be renewed for a railway station unless it could be shown that waiting-room accommodation for passengers was provided apart from the place where intoxicating liquors were sold. This proposition, though received with marked disfavour by most of the other Peers who spoke, seems in itself by no means unreasonable. A railway bar, like every other bar, is apt to be rather a noisy place, where the language, too, especially during the later hours of the day, is not always of the choicest description. In country towns, moreover, these railway bars are the favourite resort of residents who have no intention of travelling by the line, but who find the liquor (possibly) better, and the company more select, than in the ordinary public-houses. Moreover, in the opinion of Mrs. Grundy, a young man of genteel occupation does not lose caste when seen in front of a railway refreshment-bar, as he would in a regular "pub." He seems to be endowed temporarily with the privileges of a *bona fide* traveller, and charity, which thinketh no evil, may urge that he is probably imbibing nothing stronger than a bottle of Apollinaris. However this may be, we should warmly support Earl Beauchamp's proposal if we thought that persons waiting at railway stations had no other place of shelter except the refreshment-room. But is this the case? Our own personal experience says "No." We cannot recall, outside London, a station, large or small, where it has been our lot to wait, where there has not been a waiting-room, other than the apartment devoted to the sale of intoxicants. And if this impression be generally true, Earl Beauchamp's benevolent Bill seems to be unnecessary.

**PARACHUTE HEROISM.**—It has been said of parachutes, as of balloons, that their very limited sphere of usefulness does not compensate for the risk to life which accompanies their use. The saying holds good generally, but Mr. Spencer's exploit at Calcutta seems to have accomplished a work of real importance. Had he merely ascended some thousands of feet in a balloon and descended on a parachute, as he previously did at Bombay, the assembled natives would have shouted "Wah! wah!" and have quietly wondered afterwards at the incredible foolishness of Englishmen. But when Mr. Spencer braved the chance of almost certain death, sooner than break his covenant with the multitude, Hindoos and Mahomedans alike appreciated the moral courage and high sense of honour which generated such heroism. It was, in truth, a daring adventure to start forth skyward without any means of coming down to earth again, the balloon having neither ballast, valve, nor grappling-irons. Even the most reckless sailor on our coast would not care to be turned adrift in an open boat far from land, without oars, sails, rudder, or food. Yet he would be much better off than Mr. Spencer was: the aeronaut had no chance of being picked up in the heavens, as a castaway mariner has on the ocean. No wonder, therefore, that the Indian imagination was fired with "the enthusiasm of humanity," by the astonishing spectacle of an apparently sane human being daring such deadly peril sooner than break his word. They themselves will face death willingly enough for what they consider sufficient cause. But for such a little matter as mere breach of faith—no, the Asiatic admits that he has not in him to offer his life on that altar. It is a touch above him, and deeply does he honour the man who is capable of such sacrifice.

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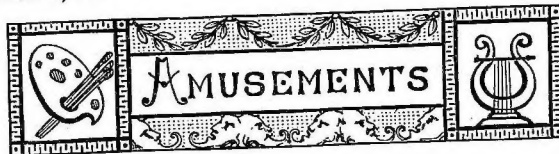
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## CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES—A CORNER IN CLASS

THE young damsels in M. Rénouard's sketch are taking a few minutes' well-earned rest, and are employing their leisure by criticising or admiring their fellow pupils who are still "working," for Madame Katti Lanner's little folk never characterise their labours as "dancing"—practising their steps is serious "work" to them. They are not qualifying for the reputation of being the best waltzers in a ball-room, but for that blue ribbon of their profession, the grade of "premier sujet," and a thumping salary from the manager of "Old Drury."

## SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE,

WHO died at Fasque House, Kincardineshire, on March 20th, was the eldest son of Sir John Gladstone, by his second wife, the daughter of Mr. Andrew Robertson of Dingwall. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford University. A few years later the University conferred on him the degree of D.C.L. When a young man he was for some time an unpaid Attaché to the British Embassy at Paris. He subsequently sat in Parliament for Queenborough (disfranchised in 1832), and successively for Portarlington and Leicester. All through life he remained a strict Tory, and disapproved of the political backslidings of his more celebrated younger brother, whom personally he closely resembled. He was a skilful and devoted agriculturist, and by careful breeding raised a herd of pure-bred polled cattle to a high reputation. In 1835 he married Louisa, second daughter of Mr. Robert Fellowes, of Shottesham Park, Norfolk, who survives him, and by whom he had issue three daughters and a son, John Robert Gladstone, Captain in the Coldstream Guards since 1885, who now succeeds to the title and estates. Sir Thomas Gladstone was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield Lord Lieutenant of Kincardineshire. Mr W. E. Gladstone was present at his brother's funeral, which took place at Fasque on March 26th.—Our engraving is from a photograph by W. and D. Downey, 57 and 61, Ebury Street, S.W.

## THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN

WHEN the late Dr. Wordsworth, in 1885, resigned the See of Lincoln, he was succeeded by the Rev. Edward King, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, where he was also Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology. The Bishop is the second son of the late Venerable Walter King, Archdeacon of Rochester, and Rector of Stone, Kent. He was born in 1829, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford. After his ordination he was for four years Curate of Wheatley, near Oxford; then for five years Chaplain and Lecturer at Cuddesdon College; and then for ten years Principal of the same Institution, which he quitted on being nominated Canon of Christchurch. At the time of his consecration Dr. King was regarded as a moderate High Churchman, but since then he has become the subject of what is known as the Lincoln Prosecution. The promoters of the suit allege that the Bishop has been guilty of sundry Romanising practices, such as using lighted candles before the Sacrament, administering wine mixed with water, making the sign of the Cross in the air, and drinking the "ablations," after rinsing the chalice and paten. It is alleged by the promoters that these apparently trivial points are of vital importance, inasmuch as they are employed as an outward and visible sign that the person using them claims the position of a priest offering a sacrifice, and that the Bishop of Lincoln asserts that he occupies this position, having stated that his "struggle is for the sacerdotal character of the Christian Ministry." It is further alleged by the promoters that the above-mentioned practices have long ago been declared to be unlawful in the Church of England.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.

## MR. SAMUEL CARTER HALL,

WHO died at his residence, 24, Stanford Road, Kensington, on March 16th, was born May 9th, 1800, at the Garrison Barracks, Waterford. Although Irish by birth, he came of an old Devonshire family. He was the son of Colonel Robert Hall, of the 78th Regiment. Hall spent his youthful years in Cork, where in 1820 he published his first book. In 1822 he proceeded to London to study the law for literature, and gave all his time to the newspaper press, becoming a reporter in the Gallery of the House of Commons. In the same year he married Anna Maria Fielding, a lady of Irish birth. For many years they carried on an active literary co-partnership. She died in 1881, at the age of seventy-nine. Their first collaboration was in the *Annulet*, an annual which Mr. Hall founded and edited. In 1838 Mr. Hall succeeded the poet Campbell in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in 1839 he projected and brought out the *Art Journal*, which gradually became a great success owing to his extraordinary energy and perseverance, and which he edited until 1880, when he resigned the management. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall produced jointly between 300 and 400 volumes. His last work appeared in 1883—"The Retrospect of a Long Life." In 1880 he received a pension from the Civil List of 150*l.* a year. Mr. Hall and his wife were strenuous advocates of the cause of temperance, and he himself helped to found, and was indefatigable in supporting, a large number of charitable institutions in London. The funeral took place on March 23rd in the churchyard of Addlestone, Surrey, where the remains of Mrs. S. C. Hall had been previously interred.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

## SAN SEBASTIAN

SAN SEBASTIAN, the Gibraltar of the North of Spain, as it has been aptly termed, where Her Majesty visited the Queen-Regent of Spain on Wednesday, is a place of considerable historical interest. It is situated on the Bay of Biscay, about twelve miles from the French frontier, and is built on a rocky peninsula, and forms an important military stronghold, possessing great natural and artificial defences. Having been strongly fortified in early ages, San Sebastian became the key of Spain on the side of France, and consequently, figured prominently in the wars between the two countries. The most celebrated siege, however, was that of 1813, when the French garrison was captured by British troops under the Duke of Wellington; the town being burnt to the ground. Another noteworthy siege was in 1836, in the First Carlist War, and the graves of those who fell in both conflicts are still to be seen. The houses have been rebuilt on a regular rectangular plan, numerous villas have sprung up in the environs, and of late years San Sebastian has become a fashionable watering place, being popularly known as the Brighton of Madrid, and it is thronged with visitors both from France and Spain. The public buildings are comparatively insignificant, but there is a theatre and a bull ring, while the excellent sunbaths and bathing form a great attraction to the scorched out

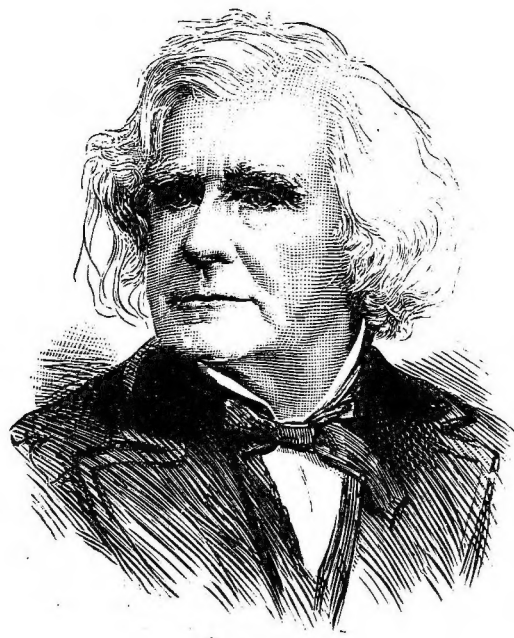




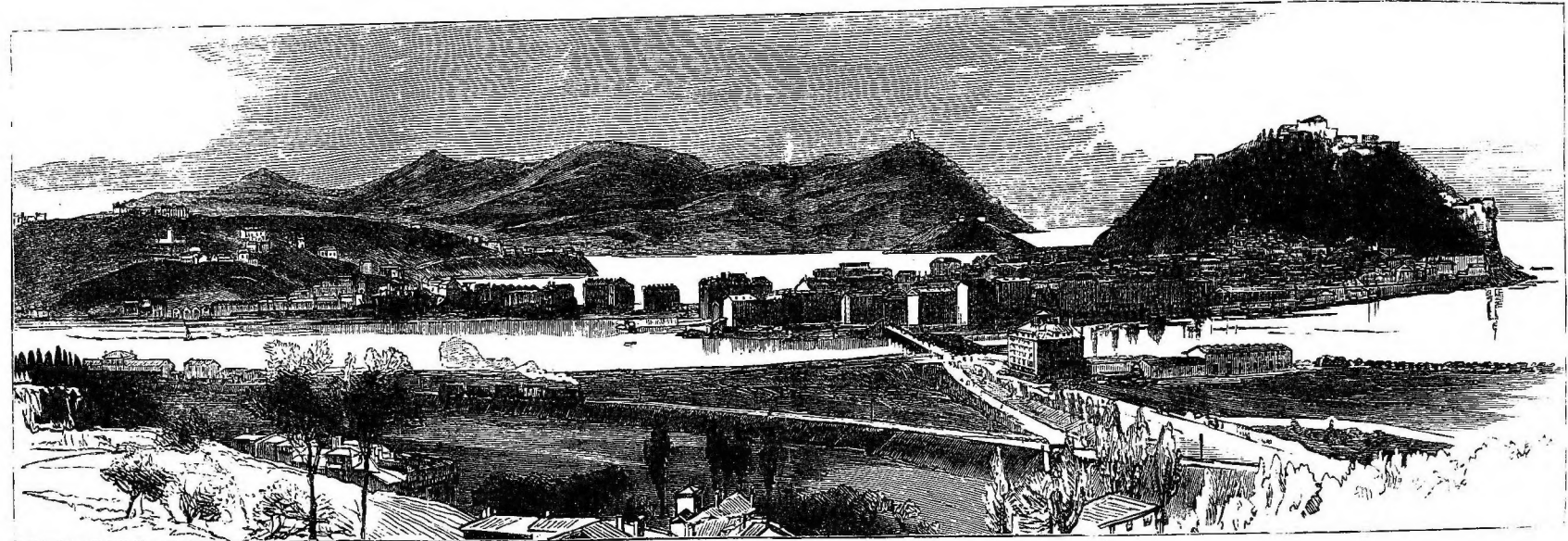
SIR THOMAS GLADSTONE, BART., D.C.L.  
Born 1804. Died March 27, 1889



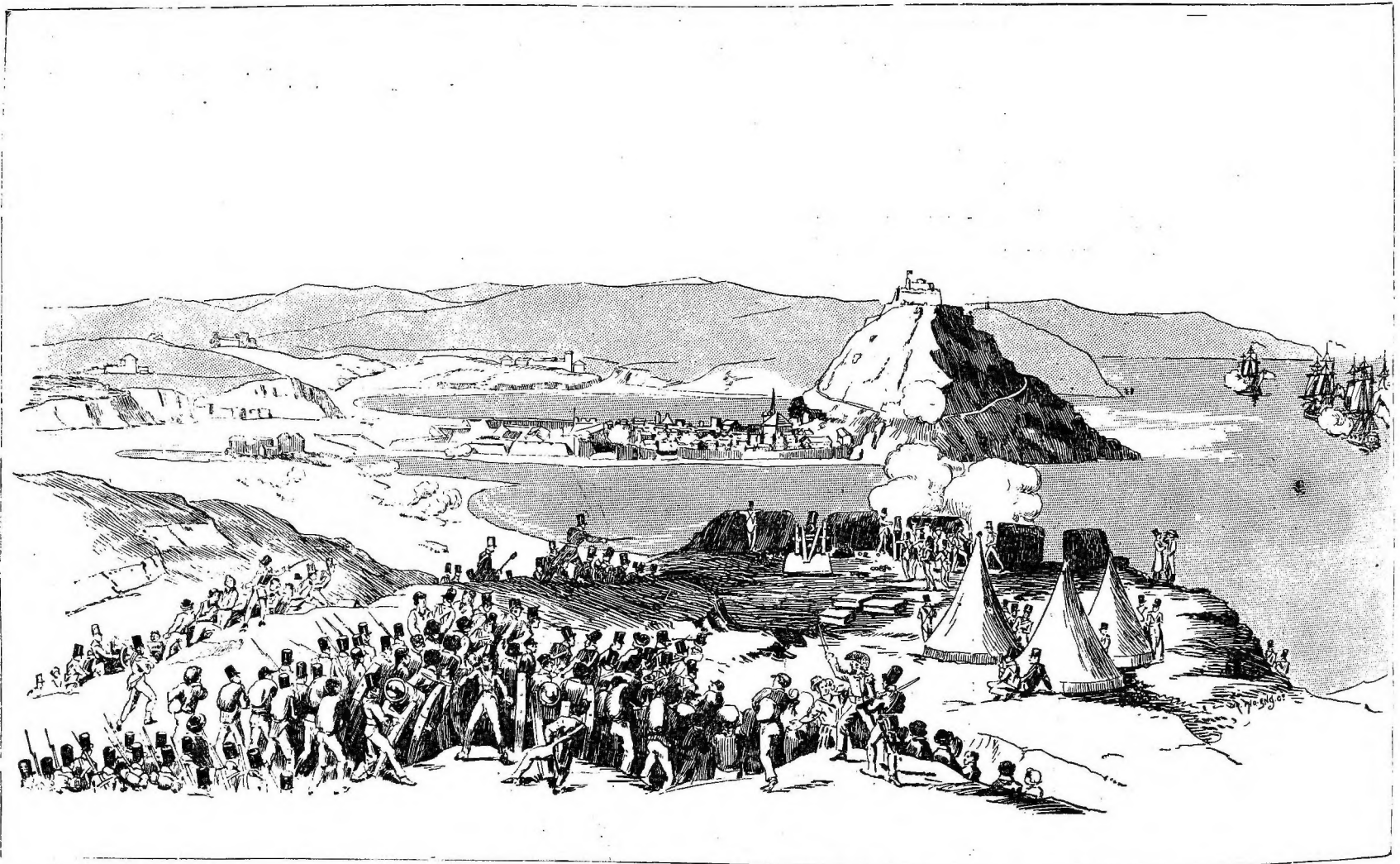
THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD KING, D.D.  
Bishop of Lincoln  
Now on his Trial for Alleged Illegal Practices in Church Ritual



MR. S. C. HALL  
Writer and Critic,  
Born May 9, 1800. Died March 16, 1889



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN

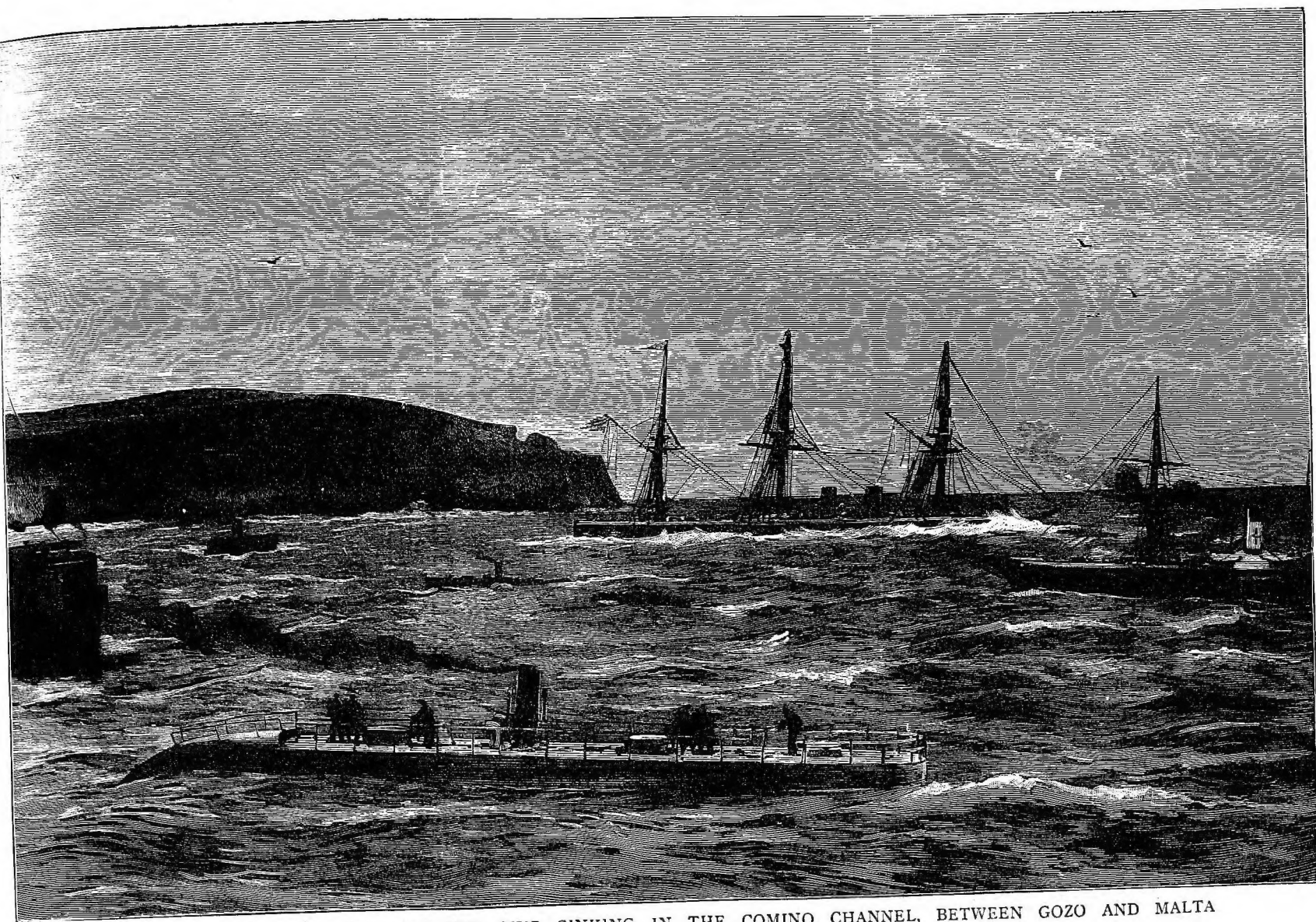


FACSIMILE OF A PRINT OF THE PERIOD FROM A SKETCH DRAWN BY AN OFFICER ON THE SPOT

STORMING THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF SAN SEBASTIAN, SEPTEMBER, 1813  
The Queen has visited this week the graves of the British Soldiers killed in this battle

THE MEETING BETWEEN THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND SPAIN AT SAN SEBASTIAN, NORTHERN SPAIN





THE LAST OF THE "SULTAN"—THE SHIP SINKING IN THE COMINO CHANNEL, BETWEEN GOZO AND MALTA



ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL ASYLUM OF ST. ANNE'S SOCIETY, IN THE HALL OF THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY  
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE CHAIR



inhabitants of the Spanish capital. There is a magnificent roadstead protected from enemy and tempest by the Isle of Santa Clara, and bordered by a beautiful promenade. In old Imperial days, the town was a favourite resort of the Empress Eugénie. The details of Her Majesty's visit are given in our "Court" article.

The capture of the town of San Sebastian, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, took place on August 31st, 1813. The siege lasted from June to September, and though the fortress was only garrisoned by 3,000 men hastily got together by the French during the tumult of defeat which succeeded the Battle of Vittoria, it was defended with such skill and bravery by General Rey that its subjection cost the allied army 3,800 men, 2,500 of whom were struck down in the final assault. Of these last 1,716 were British. The final storming was conducted by General Graham, and though our men fought with the utmost dash and bravery, the result might yet have been different had it not been for a skilful artillery manœuvre. The British, who were vainly endeavouring to storm a rampart, were ordered to lie down, and an artillery fire was directed on the spot over their heads. The defenders were compelled to abandon their position, and one of the British shells having exploded a whole magazine of powder barrels, hand grenades, and other explosives, a space was cleared, through which our troops dashed, and practically won the day, the French being driven from point to point, until the tricolour on the Cavalier was torn down by Lieutenant Gethin of the 11th Regiment. The town was burnt to the ground, and the plunder of the houses by the victorious soldiery and the various atrocities which were committed by our troops form one of the greatest blots on British military annals.

When the town and outer fortifications were taken, the fortress of Monte Orgullo still remained in the possession of the French. Lord Wellington arrived on September 1st, and new batteries were at once constructed, and a withering fire directed against the fortress, but it was not until the 9th of September that the brave Governor and his heroic garrison capitulated and the siege terminated, after sixty-three days spent by the Allied troops in open trenches.

#### THE SINKING OF H.M.S. "SULTAN"

WE gave an account of the stranding of H.M.S. *Sultan* on the rocks off Comino last week, and now depict that ill-fated vessel in the act of sinking at 11.45 on the morning of the 14th inst. A heavy north-easterly gale was prevailing at the time, and forced the *Sultan* off the rocks on which she was lying into open water, where she sank at a depth of about eight fathoms. The upper part of the vessel remained out of water, and the salvage works were subsequently resumed; but, according to a *Daily News* telegram on Monday, the prospects of saving the ship are exceedingly slight—in fact, the task appears almost hopeless.

#### ST. ANNE'S ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

ABOUT a hundred gentlemen, including the Lord Mayor and other persons of distinction, dined on March 20th at the annual banquet of this Charity, which, by permission of the Clothworkers' Company, was held in Clothworkers' Hall. The Duke of Cambridge, who occupied the chair, in proposing "Success to the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society," made a strong appeal for help. He stated that the Society was entirely dependent on voluntary contributions, and that an income of nearly 12,000% was required. Three hundred and forty children were now maintained and educated at the Asylum at Redhill, and 160 more were seeking admission, 25 only of whom could, for want of funds, be admitted at the election in June; and, as this Institution was almost alone in its object of providing maintenance and education for children born in prosperity, and whose parents were now in adversity, it ought to meet with the hearty support of all right-thinking people. In answer to this appeal, subscriptions to the amount of 2,168% were announced.

#### THE ICE PALACE AT MONTREAL

THE early part of the winter of 1888-9 was singularly mild in Canada. There was no severe frost, and a great paucity of snow, which latter phenomenon is always regarded as a calamity, for snow is needed to make the roads over which the traffic in lumber and other produce is carried. By the time February had arrived, however, frost had set in with seasonable severity, and the Ice Palace, which is one of the great features of the Carnival, was once more to be seen glittering in the rays of the sun. Thousands of visitors from other parts of the Dominion and from the States flocked into the city at this time, and one of the principal attractions was the mimic attack on the Ice Palace by a number of snow-shoe clubs—each member carrying a torch. The Palace was defended by a valiant garrison, but it is their cue on these occasions, after a brief resistance, during which they sing their fingers with rockets and bombs, to yield gracefully to the snow-shoers. The Ice Palace, as transparent as the Palace of Truth, was brilliantly illuminated with fifty arc lights, and, as the variegated rockets shot to and fro, the ice assumed hues of every known shade.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. A. T. Lane, of 2, Argyle Avenue, Montreal. This photograph was a novelty, having been taken on a moonlight night, and the plate received an exposure of eight minutes.

#### AN OIL-FIRE IN THE UNITED STATES

LAST January one of the pipes which convey crude petroleum from the wells at Lima, Ohio, to South Chicago, Illinois, burst at the point where it passes through Crown Point, Indiana, and for some hours the oil escaped at the rate of several barrels a minute. Telegrams were at once sent to the pumping stations to stop operations; but the flow could not be controlled until some forty acres had been flooded with petroleum. As much as possible of the oil was conducted to a ditch, at some distance from the pipe and the railroad, and set on fire. The burning oil extended for 150 yards, and the oil flowed faster than it would burn. The flame was very red and hot, and rose into the dense dark smoke sometimes as high as twenty feet. The smoke itself was exceedingly dense and heavy, and formed an impenetrable veil, rising some hundred feet high.

#### THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL BANQUET

THE Jubilee year of the Royal Agricultural Society was celebrated on Tuesday night by a banquet at St. James's Palace given (at the Queen's command) by the Prince of Wales to the Council of the Society, of which the Queen has accepted the Presidency for the current year. The Society was founded in 1839, chiefly through the exertions of Lord Spencer and the Duke of Richmond. The Jubilee will be celebrated in a still more important manner in June, when a great Show will be held in Windsor Great Park, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty, who has contributed largely towards the necessary expenses. The Prince of Wales, in his speech at the banquet, gave, as he usually does on such occasions, an interesting *resumé* of the good work done during the last fifty years by the Royal Agricultural Society; and it is to be hoped that the Society will be still more active in the future, for, in consequence of the keen foreign competition, British agriculture needs every legitimate help it can get. Lord Cranbrook hinted that the Government were contemplating the establishment of a Ministry of Agriculture, and if the new Department were to open agricultural schools all over the country, a healthy stimulus would be given to the most ancient and necessary of all avocations.

#### THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HARRISON

INAUGURATION DAY at Washington was marked with drenching rain, and, in the words of the *New York Herald*, the out-door features of the Centennial Inauguration were dominated by umbrellas. Nevertheless, the popular enthusiasm was but little damped, and when President Harrison stepped to the front of the platform outside the Capitol to take the Oath to the Constitution, and to read his Address, there was no lack of heartiness in the and to cheer which greeted him. The scene was somewhat singular, and the crowd near the Stand was too not altogether unpicturesque. The cavalry, in their over-formed a deep fringe on its outskirts. The coats, were moving about disconsolately at the entrance to the Capitol grounds, and in the distance were the serried ranks of the military, in their red and blue uniforms, looking somewhat dispirited by the torrential rains. As for President Harrison, putting his silk hat over his eyes, and protected by a large umbrella held over him, he bravely delivered the lengthy address in a tone of considerable strength, but the pattering rain greatly marred the effect of his utterances, which, however, were loudly applauded at certain points, and particularly when he spoke of the covenant of the people with him to "yield willing obedience to all the laws, and each to every other citizen his equal civil and political rights."

#### THE ARTISTS' VOLUNTEERS' NEW HEADQUARTERS

ON the afternoon of Monday, March 25th, the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were accompanied by the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, opened the new headquarters of the 20th Middlesex (Artists') Rifle Volunteers, at Duke's Road, Euston Road. The building is in the Renaissance style. It includes officers' rooms, dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, and other conveniences beautifully fitted up, and, finally, a large hall, 100 feet by fifty-two feet, with a platform at one end, and a gallery at the other. The solid parquet floor forms an excellent parade-ground, and can also be used as a lawn-tennis ground. The building was erected from designs by the Colonel of the regiment, Colonel R. W. Edis, F.S.A., who acted as honorary architect. Over the entrance is a large medallion executed by Mr. Brock, A.R.A., a lieutenant in the corps. At the time of the opening ceremony, the hall was in gala dress. The walls were hung with trophies of arms and banners, the platform was draped with scarlet cloth, and on the wall behind it was a star-shaped trophy of rifles, swords, and bayonets. The Royal party were received by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. (the Honorary Colonel), Colonel Edis, Major Ridge, Major Bruce, and Captain and Adjutant Gore Brown. Then came the usual presentation of bouquets and delivery of speeches, after which there was a musical entertainment, followed in the evening by a smoking concert.

#### BELOOCHIS FIELD-FIRING

OF the many regiments in the Bombay Army, the Beloochis with their picturesque uniform are among the finest and smartest; the Second or Duke of Connaught's Own are represented in our sketches at the annual Field-Firing. They are good shots, and in former and modern warfare have proved themselves good fighting men. Nearly all wear medals, and the native officers, especially the older ones, are covered with decorations. Egypt and Afghanistan have contributed a fair share to their laurels, truly well earned by this gallant corps.

Hyderabad, where our sketches were taken, is celebrated for its ever (and too often "over") genial warmth, and the bheestie with his water musak, and also, sad to relate, the Ambulance, with the steady slow-going bullock team, have had no sinecure. Thomas Atkins and John Mahomed are always on friendly terms, and although conversation is rarely possible, friendly gesticulations and much mutual understanding produce a variety of guffaws, and what T. A. calls "ivory grins." When the "allied forces" have disposed of the ghurly enemy, the umpires, &c., proceed to count the enemies dead and dying, and the last truce is a signal for the march home, and a prospect of *chota hazari*.

#### "LOST ON THE GREAT PLAINS"

THE Canadian Mounted Police have the official duty of keeping in order the Canadian Indians. They make arrests for all sorts of offences, and suppress incipient revolts. They are thus regarded with intense hatred by the Red men. In the illustration—which depicts the great plain of the Saskatchewan—a mounted policeman has been following some flat trail across the broad level of the desolate plains, with no landmarks to guide him. He has lost his trail, and, not having the Indian instinct of locality, he is uncertain in which direction his destination lies. Perceiving some Blackfeet Indians wandering aimlessly, as Indians will, he rides up and resorts to sign-language. The peace-sign is made, a sign which renders it obligatory for those who meet on the plains of the Great West to approach with their arms not drawn from their resting-place. The policeman fears treachery, but dares not take down his Winchester carbine from his saddle-bow. The Indians sit down and say nothing, though they may understand what the policeman says. He makes signs of inquiry, which elicit nothing save grunts and ferocious leering from those on whom his eye is not resting. They may conclude to revenge their grievances on the mounted policeman, and either kill him, tell him the wrong way, or ride off laughing at his discomfort. Many of the mounted police have been British soldiers, who, however, are not up in plain-craft, and cannot follow straight across the great expanse, like a frontiersman, from the lack of the latter's training.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Frederic Remington.

#### INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A CHANNEL PILOT

OUR sketches illustrate the fair and foul weather experience of a Channel Pilot among the network of shoals and sandbanks extending from the mouth of the River Thames. These shoals constitute a lurking danger to craft on their way outward or homeward bound, to obviate which the Corporation of the Trinity House issues certificates, after due examination, to over 500 competent men, whose business it is to see the unseen dangers, and guide the craft of all nations and rigs through the tortuous channels. They sometimes grope their way in fog, or, worse, in blinding snow, or in half a gale of wind, to their destination, their work

extending on the Thames, down to the Nore, to the Downs, and coastwise to the Isle of Wight on the one hand, and to Harwich on the other. The charges for each division vary with the draught of water of the piloted craft; from Gravesend to the Nore it may range from 18s. to 7l. 18s., and from the Downs to the Isle of Wight from 3l. 4s. to 14l. 6s.

A pilot going on board a foreign ship is allowed an interpreter, who is paid by the ship.

Stopping along the coast, the cutter is shown in our first illustration on the look-out for any vessel signalling for a pilot. Each pilot on board takes his turn, and in the interim they amuse themselves by playing cards, spinning yarns, and speculating on their chance of a job.

When a vessel is sighted signalling for them, the cutter runs down to it, the boat is lowered, the next man for duty jumps in with his kit, two of the crew pull him to the craft, he clambers on board, a difficult job in rough weather, and the boat returns to the cutter for the next job.

At night the effect is more weird, the cutter is on the alert groping its way through a haze, or perchance sleet and rain, when the lights of a steamer are sighted; suddenly a larger light springs up on a board, looking like the breaking out of a fire, but the pilot knows the signal, it is the steamer "burning" (as it is technically called) for a pilot. When the pilot cutter shows an answering "flare," the boat is launched as before, and the steamer having received her guide starts afresh through the intricate channels for the River Thames.

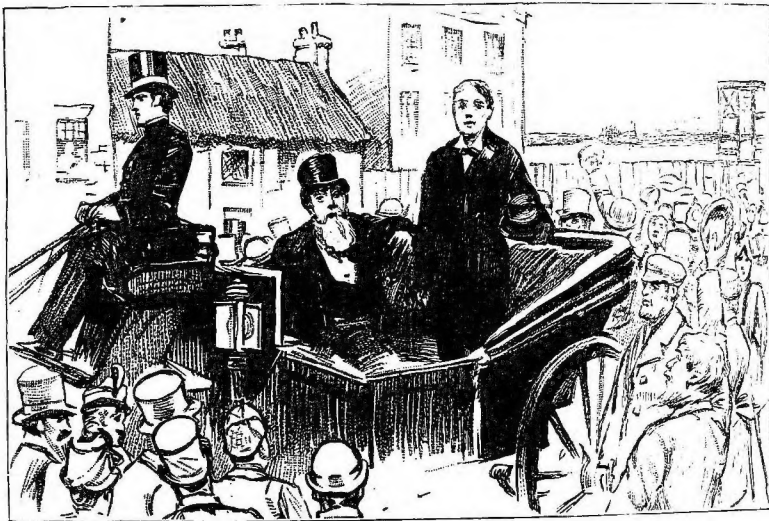
Or it is a dense fog, and the cutter creeps warily along, one of the crew making an unearthly bellowing with the foghorn (a pair of bellows with a sort of blunderbuss nozzle). A dim distant echo, as it were, comes down to them through the fog, growing nearer and louder, and a huge indefinite form looms through the fog: it is a large steamer blowing her fog signal for the guiding eye of the pilot.

He is put on board, and the two vessels separate and melt away again like ghosts into the foggy gloom.

C. J. S.

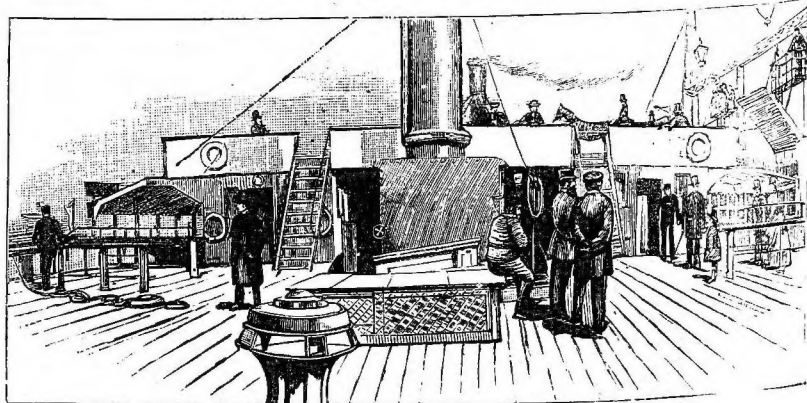
#### WOOLWICH FREE FERRY

ON Saturday, March 23rd, the free ferry uniting North and South Woolwich was opened. This is the first of these ferries constructed in the metropolitan district, and the accompanying ceremony was the first public function undertaken by the County Council. Lord Rosebery, Lord Lingen, and other members of the Council were met by the local authorities, and, being accompanied by Colonel Hughes, M.P. for Woolwich, trade societies, friendly societies, &c., quite an imposing procession was formed, the streets being lined by Volunteers, and crowded with spectators. The Councillors, in their



LORD ROSEBERY DECLARING THE FERRY OPEN

carriages, were driven direct on board the ferry steamer *Gordon*, which, together with three Volunteer bands, and about five hundred ladies and gentlemen, proceeded on her first trip across the river, the passage being made in three and a-half minutes. The piers on each side are exactly similar, having two carriage-ways in the centre, and



THE NEW FERRY

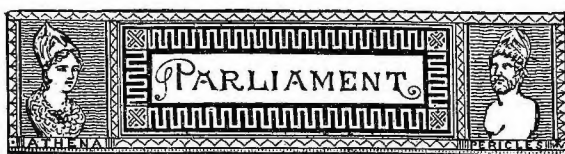
gangways on either side for foot-passengers. The outer ends rest on floating pontoons, which rise and fall with the tide. The horses and carriages occupy the upper deck on board the steamer. After half an hour's stay, the party returned to South Woolwich, and the procession was re-formed, and a banquet was served to about two hundred guests at the Freemasons' Hall. During the rest of the day the steamer continued running with large freights of passengers.

#### "THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brawnall R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 337.

TRAVEL IN SWITZERLAND is fast losing its old picturesqueness by the wholesale introduction of railways, and the Engadine district is the latest threatened. Now that a narrow-gauge line is to be run between Coire and Davos-Platz, it is proposed to continue the railway by the Scaletta Pass to Samaden, and thus connect with the Italian network *via* the Maloja Pass. No special difficulties are anticipated, save a four-mile tunnel under the Scaletta Pass, and the builders of the line intend to carefully protect the road against avalanches, so that trains may run in winter. This route will put an end to all diligence travelling over the Splügen and neighbouring passes. Speaking of Switzerland, a winter ascent of Monte Rosa has just been made by three Italians and their guides. They scaled the Dufourspitz, 15,233 feet high, from the Italian side, and came down to Zermatt on a beautiful clear day.





tempting fare, around which gentlemen below the Gangway sat all the afternoon, greatly enjoying themselves. They divided on each successive Vote, always beaten, but coming up smiling for another knock-down blow. "We are told," said Mr. Labouchere, objecting to a Vote for over 29,000*l.* for the Maintenance and Repair of Royal Palaces, "that our ancestors have pledged us to this expenditure. Now, Mr. Courtney, I, for one, am not going to accept these Bills drawn upon me by my ancestors." Nevertheless, the Bills were ordered to be paid.

On Wednesday, just before the House met, news arrived of the death of Mr. Bright—an event briefly alluded to by Mr. Smith and Mr. John Morley, further proceedings being deferred till yesterday (Friday), when Mr. Gladstone is expected to be in his place. The afternoon was chiefly occupied with discussions on the second reading of the English Sunday Closing Bill, moved by Mr. J. C. Stevenson, and opposed by Mr. Cavendish Bentinck. On a division it was carried by 179 votes against 157—a victory for the Temperance Party, hailed with loud cheers.



"LADY CLERGYMEN" in the United States muster 275.

"JUDAS ISCARIOT" has been taken up in New York for selling gingerbread in the street under illegal circumstances. The owner of this ill-omened name is a middle-aged Greek.

NEW ZEALAND keeps her Jubilee this year, and will commemorate the anniversary by an Exhibition at Dunedin. It will open on November 20th, and close just after next Easter.

A PLAGUE OF FOXES has overrun the village of La Rochette, not far from Digne, in Southern France. Foxes coolly trot about the streets in daylight, and one vixen is even bringing up a litter in a stable manger.

COLONIAL PARLIAMENTS are more ready to take a holiday than that of the Mother Country. The Quebec Parliament recently adjourned one evening to allow the members to attend Madame Albani's concert.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA starts on his European tour next month. He will first go to St. Petersburg for a fortnight, and then successively visit Berlin, Paris, London, Austria, Servia, Bulgaria, Constantinople, and Roumania, returning home by Russia.

THE FAMOUS LICK OBSERVATORY in CALIFORNIA proves a failure for investigating solar phenomena. Its nocturnal observations are magnificent, but, owing to the building occupying the apex of a mountain, it is surrounded in the daytime by a flickering atmosphere, caused by the heat of the sun, which effectually blurs the vision.

THE LATEST TIGER STORY from India suggests that a knowledge of boxing would be useful to hunters of such big game. A Gond living in the village of Dorlee, in the Central Provinces, was attacked by a tiger when he was cutting grass in the jungle. He was quite unarmed, but seeing the creature coming, he had sufficient presence of mind to square up to it with his fists. The tiger was so astonished at being thus boldly confronted, that he swerved in his spring, but in passing made a snap at the Gond's hand, and bit off his thumb quite cleanly. The Gond escaped his enemy, and his wound is healing fast.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA constantly undergo great physical changes, so that it is interesting to note the latest statistics of the great cataract. The outline of American Fall is about 1,000 feet, with a height of 165 feet, while the Horseshoe Fall has an outline of 2,600 feet with a height of 153 feet. The descent in the Rapids above the American Fall is estimated at forty feet to the half-mile, and above the Horseshoe at fifty-five feet to three-quarters of a mile. The volume of water pouring over the Falls is about fifteen million cubic feet per minute, or one cubic mile per week and fifty-four cubic miles per year.

THE PICTURES SENT TO THE PARIS SALON this year are exactly the same in number as last season, 7,625. By the end of last week the jury had examined 672, and had accepted 317, being especially severe, as they wish that the numerous visitors expected during the summer should only see choice specimens of the National School. A portrait of Madame Carnot by Mlle. Amélie Beaurieu-Saurel is expected to be one of the great attractions, together with M. Bouguereau's two sacred themes, a Madonna and an Infant Jesus, and an interesting group of the whole staff of the *Débutants* by M. Beraud.

OFFICE-SEEKING IN THE UNITED STATES is even more fiercely pursued by the Republicans under the new Administration than when the Democrats assumed power five years since. President Harrison is fairly worn out by their importunities, and the *New York Herald* tells us that they besiege him from the early hours of the day until he retires to his private apartments at night. They appear at the White House before the doors open in the morning, and remain pushing and elbowing each other in their mad haste to get at the President, till he drives them away to prepare for a Cabinet meeting. Much disappointment is felt that the President does not intend to turn out competent Democrat officials simply because they do not belong to his party, but will allow them to serve their term. Hitherto Sunday has been the only day the President could enjoy free from office-seekers, for he will not allow a stroke of work to be done on that day unless absolutely necessary. The President usually has his grand-children to spend Sunday with him.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION FÊTES are now settled. The *fête* of the Federation opens the series at Versailles on May 5th, when the President will hold a formal reception in the *Galérie des Glaces*, followed by a lunch, and display of the great fountains. The inaugural festivities of the Exhibition proper follow in Paris next day, including a grand evening entertainment. The National Fête day on July 14th will be kept with unusual ceremony, and up to the end of August banquets, concerts, and balls will take place almost every night at the *Palais de l'Industrie*, closing on the 30th with a monster ball for the workmen employed at the Exhibition and the Eiffel Tower. Musical contests will occupy September, besides the inauguration of a splendid monument of the Republic on the Place des Nations. Then comes the distribution of the Exhibition prizes and rewards, to conclude with a grand show, with fitting ceremonies. The Chamber has been asked to vote over 150,000*l.* to be divided among the State officials, from President Carnot and the Ministers down to military officers, in order that they may exercise suitable hospitality and incur additional expense. This plan was followed during previous Exhibitions. Numerous extra decorations of the Legion of Honour will be distributed in memory of the occasion, and there will also be an Exhibition Lottery.

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, 1,555 deaths being registered, against 1,639 during the previous seven days, a fall of 84, being 371 below the average, and at the rate of 18.6 per 1,000. These deaths included 84 from measles (a rise of 24, and 38 above the average), 378 from diseases of the respiratory organs, (a decline of 18, and 161 below the average). There were 2,670 births registered (a fall of 29), being 172 below the average.

THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN BRIGHT.—Seldom has the decease of an eminent politician aroused so general and deep a regret as that with which the news of the death of John Bright has been accompanied. The members of our two great political parties regarded him with peculiar respect. The most ardent Gladstonians, who viewed with sorrow his adhesion to Unionism, could not but remember his early and long devotion to the popular cause, and the sympathy which he evinced for Ireland when some of those who are now her loudest friends regarded her with silent apathy. To Conservatives, and they at one time regarded Mr. Bright with a certain fear, his courageous adoption and advocacy of the Unionist cause singularly endeared him, and his name was a tower of strength to the Liberal Unionists, whom it was dangerous to twit with a desertion of Liberal principles when John Bright had become one of their leaders. The shock of his death is all the greater because only recently he was reported to be so far recovered from the serious illness, (an affection of the chest, inducing fever, which had prostrated him), that bulletins of his condition ceased to be issued. On Sunday last, however, the symptoms of a relapse which had been proceeding during the previous week became aggravated, and on Tuesday his medical attendant entertained doubts of his patient's recovery. On the Sunday one of his married daughters had been summoned to, and the Sunday after, Mr. William Leatham Bright and Mr. Philip Bright, joined their brother, Mr. John Albert Bright, at One Ash, when they found their father much changed in appearance, and evidently nearing his end. It came quietly at half-past eight on Wednesday morning, after he had been for some time in a comatose condition, and throughout the civilised world it was forthwith known that a great modern orator and upright politician had fallen in England.

POLITICAL.—A committee of Radical M.P.'s has been formed to organise the parliamentary action of that section of Mr. Gladstone's followers.—In view of a probable vacancy in the representation of Rochester Major Davis, of Herne, has been selected as their candidate by the local Conservative Association. The Hon. E. Knatchbull-Hugessen, who was recently defeated in Thanet, will be the Gladstonian candidate.—The poll in the Enfield division of Middlesex is fixed for to-day (Saturday). At a recent meeting of the supporters of Mr. Fairbairns (G) a letter was read, addressed to his wife, in which Mrs. Gladstone in glowing language wished him success.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL at its weekly meeting on Tuesday decided on appointing a Medical Officer of Health at a salary of 1,000*l.* a year, and on instituting an enquiry as to what steps should be taken to give effect to the recommendation of the House of Commons Committee of 1886, that a portion of the expenditure on public works of permanent improvements in the metropolis should be borne by owners of property.

MR. W. O'BRIEN appeared at Killarney on Tuesday to appeal against the sentence of six months imprisonment passed on him for inciting tenants on the Kenmare estates to adopt the Plan of Campaign. The proceedings were marked by a rather curious episode. The judge having in the interest of peace and order, asked the agent for Lord Kenmare's agent whether a settlement was not possible, it was suggested by Mr. O'Brien's counsel that the dispute on the Kenmare estate should be left to the arbitration of two English members of Parliament, one to be appointed for Lord Kenmare, the other by Mr. O'Brien, with the Judge himself as umpire. Ultimately the hearing was adjourned until the 10th of April, when it will be known whether Lord Kenmare's trustees assent to the proposed arrangement, which is understood to be quite independent of the decision on Mr. O'Brien's appeal.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Association of Chambers of Commerce at their annual meeting this week resolved to appoint a special Committee to consider the propriety of legislation to check "the new system of gigantic associations" as "tending to the artificial rise of prices for articles of general consumption." The latest scheme of the kind aimed at in this resolution is a projected syndicate of tin-plate workers.—At a meeting of the subscribers to the scheme, presided over by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., it was announced that the contracts for the purchase of 260 acres as an extension of Hampstead Heath had been signed, and that the Committee had given their cheque for 46,000*l.* as their contribution to the welcome acquisition.—Mr. Chamberlain presided and spoke at the annual meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Association. The Report, which was very satisfactory, indicated progress made in the work of replacing the present boats with the best vessels of modern design.—The Mansion House China Famine Relief Fund amounted this week to 21,700*l.*, and will be closed on April 30th.—The Lord Mayor's Fund to aid in sending a number of working men, representative of the various trades of the metropolis, to visit the Paris Exhibition, amounts to nearly 900*l.* Each of the visitors is to receive a sum of 10*l.*—At a meeting of Scotch merchants and large employers of labour it was agreed to open a Scotch Labour Bureau in London to aid in providing work for unemployed Scotchmen in London.

THE DEATH, in his sixty-sixth year, after a short illness, is announced of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, who, after being President of the Council in Lord Derby's last and Secretary of State for the Colonies in Mr. Disraeli's first Administration, was Governor of Madras from 1875 to 1880, and in 1886 was appointed Chairman of Committees and Deputy-Speaker of the House of Lords. With his Grace, who left no children, the Dukedom becomes extinct. His nephew, Mr. W. L. Gore Langton, succeeds to the Earldom of Temple.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, through the onslaught of a wounded buffalo in Masailand, on February 28th, in his forty-first year, of the Hon. Guy Dawnay, fourth son of the seventh Viscount Downe, who was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance in Lord Salisbury's first administration, and Conservative M.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire from 1882 to 1885, when he understood aside. Monday was the night set apart for discussion in Committee of the momentous proposals of the First Lord of the Admiralty for strengthening the Navy. Had the squabble about the Attorney-General been foregone the whole of the sitting might have been devoted to serious debate and substantial progress achieved. As it was, in an almost empty House, Mr. Cremer moved an amendment declaring the proposed expenditure unnecessary. The Chancellor of the Exchequer followed in a weighty speech, delivered in the hearing of about a score of Members. Then Sir Edward Reed spoke for considerably over an hour, and just before midnight there followed the process ironically described as "reporting progress," there being, in truth, no progress to report. On Thursday, the subject again occupied the attention of the Committee.

WHAT may be called the aftermath of the Parnell Commission continues to be the only thing in the way of harvest yielded to labourers in the House of Commons. On Friday in last week Sir William Harcourt brought up, in his most portentous manner, an indictment against the Attorney-General for the part he has played in the drama. Sir William based his charges upon a widely-spread foundation. One section dealt with the alleged impossibility of the Attorney-General serving two masters. Twelve thousand a year he draws from the State by way of emolument, and Sir William Harcourt declared, amid cheers from below the Gangway, that it was a sum which commanded something more than the leavings of his time. More serious objections were urged, on the ground that this charge, involving the character of eighty-five members of the House of Commons, was essentially one in which the Government and the House had a right to look for the advice of the Attorney-General. As to the conduct of the case, Sir William Harcourt was especially insistent in his desire to know when the Attorney-General had learnt that the mainstay of the *Times* case, as far as the forged letters were concerned, was Pigott. When, he asked, was the Attorney-General made acquainted with the existence of the letter of the 17th of November, in which Pigott informed Mr. Soames that if he went into the witness-box the whole value of his evidence would break down in cross-examination?

When the Attorney-General rose to reply, the ringing cheer with which he was received from the Conservative Benches dispelled all doubt as to the attitude the Party was prepared to assume towards the First Law Officer of the Crown. It was evident that they had made up their minds to stand or fall with the Attorney-General. Thus encouraged, Sir Richard Webster made a speech, marked by quite unusual animation of manner. He indignantly repudiated motives attributed to him by Sir William Harcourt, and boldly defended his inalienable right to take private practice. Once he raised the enthusiasm of the Ministerialists to almost frantic heights, and for the time seemed to have cowed the Opposition. Sir William Harcourt had questioned him, with truculent tone, as to his knowledge of the famous letter of the 17th November, in which Pigott piteously appealed to Mr. Soames to let him off the ordeal of the witness-box, more than hinting that the Attorney-General, having knowledge of the existence of this letter and of the position in which it placed Pigott, had studiously withheld it till his flight shattered the case and brought many dark places to light.

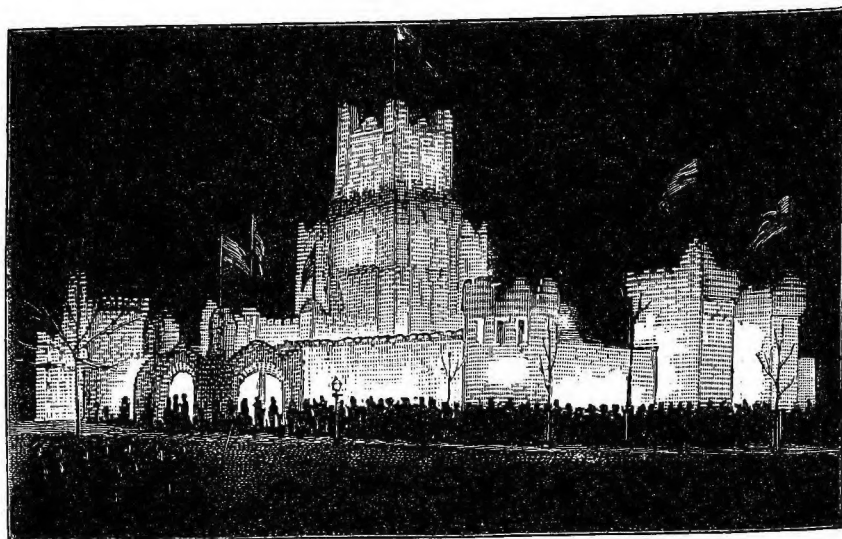
This part of Sir William Harcourt's speech had commanded the attention of the House, and weighed heavily upon the Ministerialists. What the Attorney-General would have to say in reply, was anxiously looked for. For a while he said nothing, and as he proceeded through his lengthened speech Members on both sides came to the conclusion that he had found it convenient to evade the point. But that was only the art of the advocate. He was leading up to it through his speech, and when, at last, he reached the point, he struck a swift, strong blow at Sir William Harcourt, which succeeded in temporarily taking away that right hon. gentleman's bountiful breath. "Will it be believed," the Attorney-General asked, "that five days before Pigott went into the box I put this letter into the hands of Sir Charles Russell?" The scene at this moment, on the Conservative Benches, was indescribable. They had seemed to be in a hole, and, behold! they were on a mountain. The enthusiastic cheers were repeated again and again when the Attorney-General went on to add that, having handed over the letter to Sir Charles Russell, that gentleman had begged him not to read the letter till Pigott was in the box. The Attorney-General sat down amid a blaze of triumph, Mr. W. H. Smith clapping his hand with undisguised emotion, and members crowding round to congratulate him. He had not only met the charge brought against him, but had completely turned the tables, and carried fire and sword into the enemy's camp.

Thus matters were left on Friday night, a majority of eighty (a significant increase on the Ministerial majority of the night before), sealing the Attorney-General's triumph. But on Monday night the scene was changed. There had, it appeared, been a lamentable mistake somewhere. The Attorney-General had, truly, in the course of the proceedings before the Special Commission, handed to Sir Charles Russell a letter written in November relating to Mr. Pigott. But it was quite another letter from that which had formed the subject of discussion on Friday night, and was handed in quite different circumstances. It was dated the 15th of November, and was written, not by Pigott, but by Mr. Soames to Pigott, and set forth the pecuniary terms guaranteed by the *Times* if Pigott would go into the witness-box. It was handed over, not five days, but two days before Pigott went into the box, and it was not volunteered by the Attorney-General, but was submitted in response to a call made in open Court by Sir Charles Russell following upon a reference made to its existence by Mr. Soames in the witness-box. It was now the turn of the Opposition to be jubilant, whilst the Ministerialists sat silent and perturbed. Sir Charles Russell led off with fresh attack, though in quite a different tone, from that adopted by Sir William Harcourt. He contented himself for the most part with a plain severely unadorned narrative of the communications that had passed between himself and the Attorney-General. Sir Richard Webster, in reply, did not question the accuracy of Sir Charles Russell's narrative, but pleaded that it was, after all, a minor point, and added that, according to the best of his belief, he had included in a bundle of printed documents handed to Sir Charles Russell, a copy of the letter in which Pigott discredited his own evidence. Sir Charles eloquently shook his head at this assertion, whilst Mr. Asquith declared that, up to the time Pigott had fled, neither Sir Charles nor himself had the ghost or a glimmering of a notion that there was in existence a letter of Pigott in which he admitted that his testimony would be hopelessly shaken.

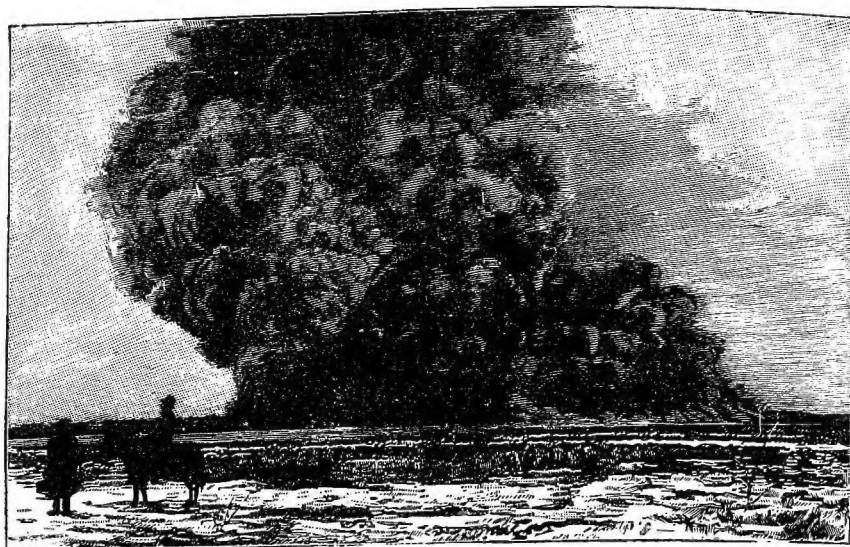
Discussion on this fresh development of a tempting topic occupied the House till nine o'clock on Monday, which was all very well as an entertainment for Strangers in the now always crowded Gallery. But it was a lamentable thing for public business, which practically stood aside. Monday was the night set apart for discussion in Committee of the momentous proposals of the First Lord of the Admiralty for strengthening the Navy. Had the squabble about the Attorney-General been foregone the whole of the sitting might have been devoted to serious debate and substantial progress achieved. As it was, in an almost empty House, Mr. Cremer moved an amendment declaring the proposed expenditure unnecessary. The Chancellor of the Exchequer followed in a weighty speech, delivered in the hearing of about a score of Members. Then Sir Edward Reed spoke for considerably over an hour, and just before midnight there followed the process ironically described as "reporting progress," there being, in truth, no progress to report. On Thursday, the subject again occupied the attention of the Committee.

On Tuesday there was a morning sitting, at which the Civil Service Estimates were taken. But the particular Votes that came to the forefront proved fatally attractive to Mr. Labouchere, and some of the active little band who work under his leadership. Votes for the Maintenance and Repair of Royal Palaces provided





THE ICE-PALACE, MONTREAL, CANADA  
Photographed at Night



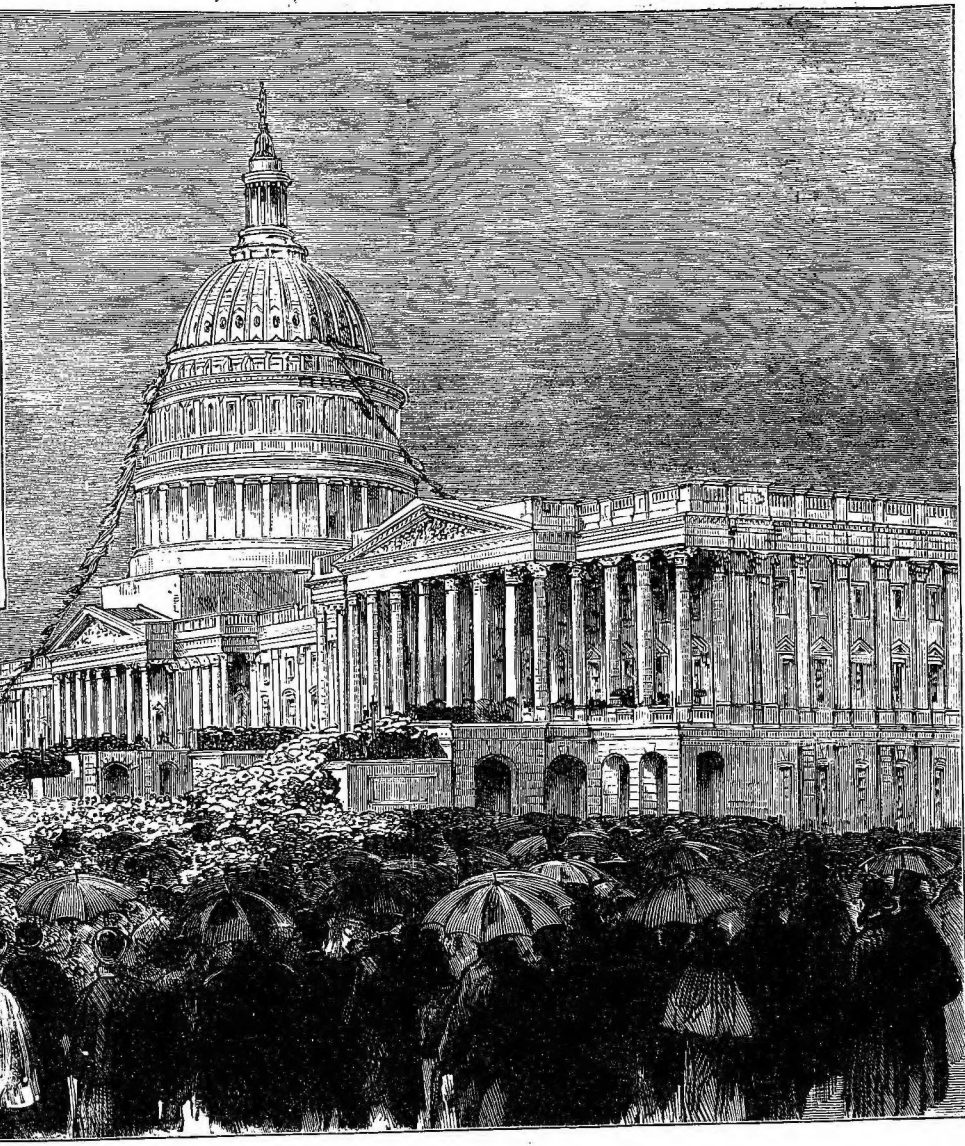
A PETROLEUM FIRE AT CRONN POINT, INDIANA, U.S.A.



THE JUBILEE OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY  
THE PANQUET AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE



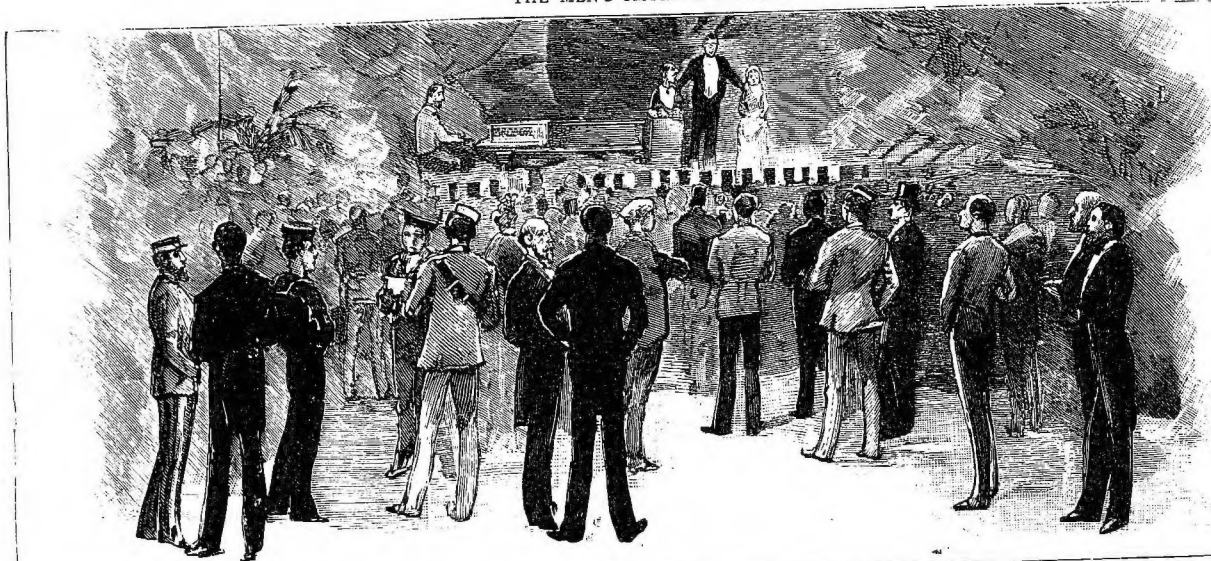
PRESIDENT HARRISON READING THE SPEECH



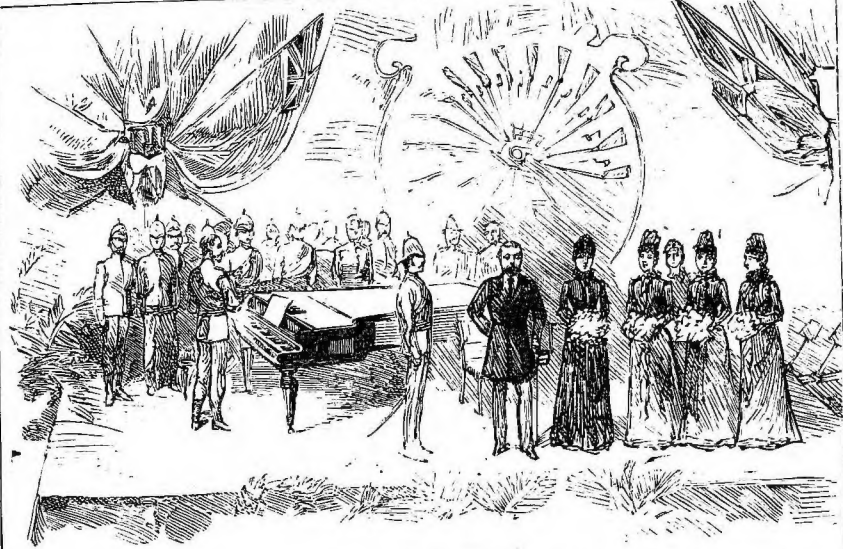
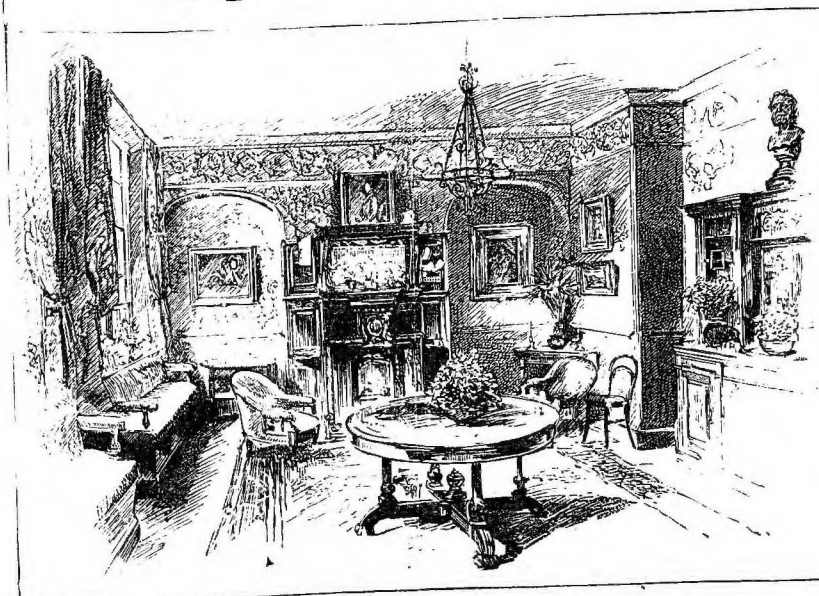
THE SCENE BEFORE THE CAPITOL

THE INAUGURATION ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON, AT WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

THE MEN'S SMOKING CONCERT



THE EXTERIOR



THE OFFICERS' ROOM

THE PRINCE OF WALES DECLARING THE BUILDING OPEN

THE NEW HEAD QUARTERS OF THE TWENTIETH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS) VOLUNTEERS







The most comprehensively true in effect. Mr. H. R. Steer's small picture of two elderly "Brothers of the Rod and Line" smoking their pipes in a river-side inn, is an excellent study of character, and remarkable for its breadth of light and finished workmanship. Mr. C. MacIver Grierson shows originality as well as a great deal of artistic skill in his animated picture of a circus clown training his poodles, called "Compulsory Education." Besides the important picture already-mentioned, and a smaller sea-coast scene, Mr. Walter Langley sends a little interior, "Sunshine and Shadow," more homogeneous and more artistically complete than anything we have seen by him. The very old and feeble woman, sitting with clasped hands in the sunlight that streams through her cottage window, is strikingly true to nature, and all the subordinate facts are in perfect keeping with her. In his humorous picture of two patient anglers fishing from a boat in pouring rain, "Enthusiasm and Misery," Mr. C. J. Staniland has treated a somewhat trite subject in a thoroughly fresh and unconventional manner. Mr. Carlton A. Smith's broadly painted cottage interior, with two girls plucking geese, "A Few Days to Michaelmas," is a good work of its class, but not especially interesting. A drawing, on an unnecessarily large scale "Learning the Step," by Mr. F. M. Evans, together with a great deal of ability, shows a tendency to commonplace realism. Every feature of the scene is depicted with the uncompromising fidelity of photography. The village girl and the young sailor practising dancing, and the itinerant musician, are evidently most accurate portraits of the artist's chosen models, but they want vitality, and are arranged without much regard to pictorial composition. We have seen nothing by Mr. W. H. Pike so good as his small Venetian scene, "The March Past." The robust girls grouped about a fountain in a military court-yard, and thoroughly conscious of the admiration with which they are regarded by the soldiers seated at a table behind, are true types of Venetian beauty, spontaneous, and at the same time graceful in their movements. Like this Mr. R. Goff's "Market at the Rialto" and his





The Firing Line



Reserve Ammunition



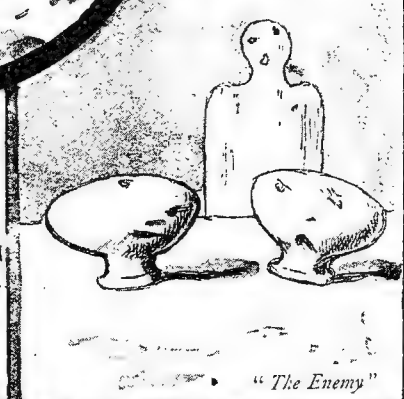
Ag...entia. Bleesie



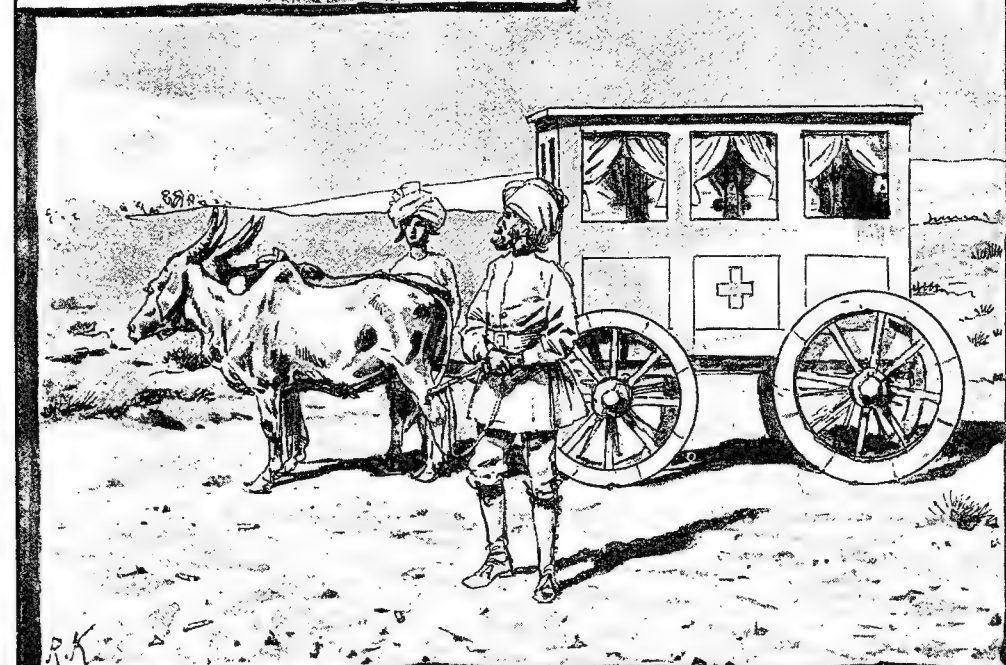
The Allied Forces



Checking



The Enemy

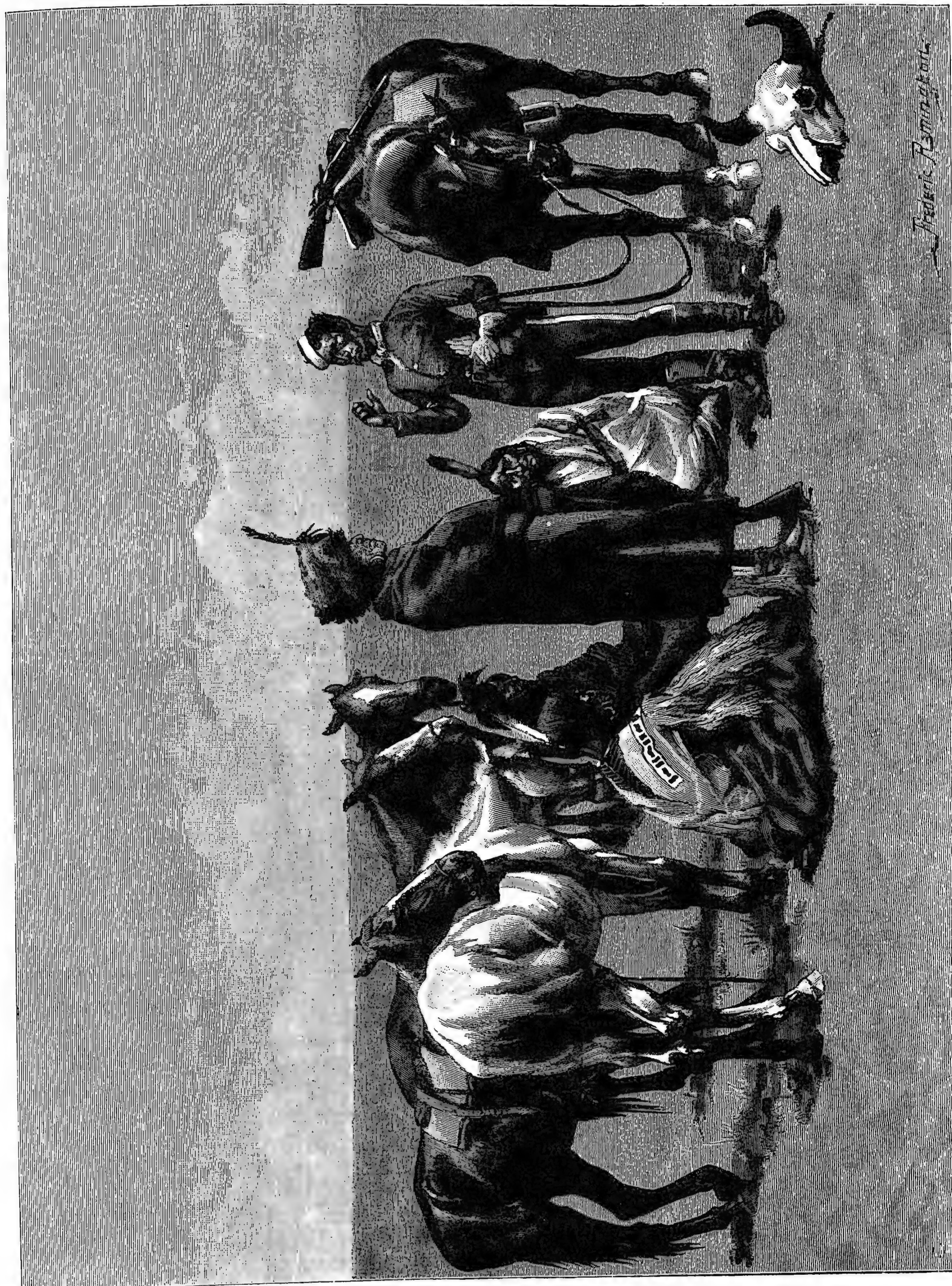


The Ambulance



Home Again, and a Prospect of Breakfast





A TROOPER OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE LOST ON THE GREAT PLAINS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN  
HE MEETS SOME WANDERING BLACKFEET INDIANS, OF WHOM HE INQUIRES THE WAY BY SIGNS



smaller Venetian street scenes are full of animation, and true in local colour.

Mr. Hugh Carter has a capital drawing of fishing girls, "On the Sands, Scheveningen," resembling the work of the modern Dutchmen in its sober harmony of tone and broad simplicity of treatment. By Mr. J. T. Nettleship there is an excellent little study of a lioness, "Alert," and by Mr. A. W. Strutt, a clever, but rather repelling drawing of a fox carrying off a living fowl, called "A Criminal Proceeding." The most important contribution of Mr. Edwin Hayes, "Wreck of the *Doom Bar*," is forcible in effect, large in style, and impressive. His skill in depicting stormy sea is seen in a vigorously handled and luminous drawing, "Trawler off Southwold Harbour," and in several smaller works. Mr. F. Walton's low-toned and spacious "Arran from the Coast of Kintyre;" Mr. W. W. May's sunny "Sandy Shore, Katwyck;" and Mr. C. E. Holloway's breezy "Great Yarmouth" are among many sea-coast views that should not be passed without notice.



I.

THE most striking paper in the *Universal Review* is Mr. Robert Buchanan's "The Modern Young Man as Critic." The modern young man is, in this writer's opinion, very different to the young man of his own early experience. That paragon "lifted his hat to the Magdalen, in life and literature. . . . In Bohemia, he had heard the bird-like cry of Mimi; in the forest of Arden he had roamed with Rosalind. For him, in the light-heartedness of his youth, the world was an enchanted dwelling-place. The gods remained, with God above them." Mr. Buchanan selects Mr. Henry James, M. Paul Bourget, M. Guy de Maupassant, Mr. William Archer, and Mr. George Moore, for the lash of his scornful criticism, characterising them respectively as "The Young Man who is Superfine," "The Detrimental Young Man," "The Olfactory Young Man," "The Young Man in a Cheap Literary Suit," and the "Bank-Holiday Young Man." Of this latter personage we have this:—"If he has studied any books, he is completely fogged as to what books. He knows literature, as he knows Nature, out of his own ill-balanced head. He hates everything—Shakespeare, Art, Poetry, Religion, Decency—everything, but pipes and beer." Mr. Buchanan is not far wrong in making Thackeray responsible for a good deal of the current cheap cynicism. As a slashing critique his article will well repay perusal, and there is enough truth in it to make it bite.—Of certain worries of the war correspondent Mr. Archibald Forbes writes amusingly, and with characteristic force and freshness, in "My Campaign in Pall Mall."—Mr. Bradlaugh gives the result of some of his researches in Parliamentary history with "The Romance of the House of Commons."—Solid and instructive will be Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Grimley's series on "The Indian Revenue," to judge from the first paper on "Salt and its Taxation."

The true version of the circumstances attending the "Crown Prince Rudolph's Suicide" is given in *Temple Bar*. Sad as the story is it makes the whole perfectly intelligible, and it is small wonder if the poor Prince was driven distracted by the situation made for him by himself and others.—There is a good paper on "Mr. Disraeli." It is mentioned with reference to the defective vision of Lord Beaconsfield's later years that he was constantly, though all unconsciously, "cutting" people whom, if he could have recognised them, he would have been delighted to salute or to speak with. His companion in his walks and drives was always on the *qui vive* to advise him of the approach of friends or acquaintances. Once this arrangement led to comical consequences. Walking out one day they met the Prince of Wales approaching, and Lord Beaconsfield was duly informed of his approach. Close by His Royal Highness walked a commissioner speeding on an errand, and to him Lord Beaconsfield, raising his hat, bowed with courtly grace, the Prince passing unobserved.

Mrs. Crawford writes in the *Woman's World* a very bright and piquant article on "Women Wearers of Men's Clothes." Of the sportswomen of France who go afield, with the Comtesse de Paris, gun in hand and game-bag at side, she observes, "They wear dress less masculine in the manner of wearing than the uniforms of the Highland regiments." The grace and piquancy of the wearers alone render the garb womanly. Frenchwomen, it may be said, never look so feminine as in men's clothes in Carnival-time, and Frenchmen never so awkward and unsightly as when, in that period of saturnalia, they dress as women.

The frontispiece of *Harper* is a fine engraving of "The Gibbs-Channing Portrait of Washington," by Gilbert Stuart, and on "Washington's Inauguration" there is a well-written historical paper by Professor John Bach M'Master.—Most generally interesting, perhaps, of this month's contributions to the periodical is "Characteristic Parisian Cafés" by Mr. Theodore Child, who knows thoroughly all the ins-and-outs of his subject. Most striking is his account of the "Cabaret du Chat Noir." The "Chat Noir," he says, "is unique in the world; it is fitted up most artistically; it is even a marvel of the purest Louis XIII. style, if you will; but, above all, it is an amusing place, where Schopenhauer is held in execration; where people try to amuse themselves and generally succeed, and where, when they do not succeed, they drink beer in order to deceive themselves into the belief that they are having a good time of it."

*Longman* contains "The Sequel to 'A Queen-Anne Pocket-Book,'" by Mr. John Orlebar Payne. The quaint and interesting adventures of "A Queen-Anne Pocket-Pook," as recorded in the pages of the January number of this magazine, having whetted the curiosity of a namesake—though not a descendant—of its original proprietor to find out something more about him, the following memoranda, coming as they do from authentic sources, will doubtless interest not a few who have shared a like curiosity.—A. K. H. B. gives wise advice "Of Taking in Sail"—which is a metaphor for giving it easy—to those so fortunate as to be able to follow it.

The *Leisure Hour* is one of the most readable of the magazines. In the April number, besides two capital serials—*Carriconona: a Story more or less Irish*, by Mr. Tighe Hopkins, and "The Dancing Bear," by Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid—we have a good paper on "The Thames Police," by Mr. W. J. Gordon; while Dr. James Macaulay has pleasant reminiscences of "A Supper at Frank Buckland's." "It was a formidable affair," he says, "at any time to pay a morning visit at Albany Street. If there was not a crowd at the house viewing the hoisting of a huge fish or a young whale into the area, the visitor, once inside the street-door, was in risk of some startling reception. A strange bird or beast might flop down on his head or shoulders, or a serpent or other reptile might coil round his legs."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a photograph after the picture of "The Triumph of Spring," by Mr. G. P. Jacob Hood. —Mr. Ford Madox Brown has an interesting article on "Self-Painted Pictures," illustrated by a portrait of Mr. Brown (from the Painted Pictures), and engraved by Mr. J. M. Johnston. Self-painted pictures form the staple, too, of Mr. James Dow's "The Keppelstone Portrait Gallery."



THE AGRICULTURAL OUTLOOK as we take leave of March is by no means unpromising. The autumn-sown wheat hardly admits of looking better, it is neither too backward nor too forward, and its lovely colour and regular growth would render the grower happy indeed—if he could only be sure of selling its yield at anything covering the land-rent and the cost of its cultivation. The floods of early March were not very general, though from Leicester to Taunton a belt of country was so inundated that the land even now is terribly sticky, and probably nothing will be done with it before May, when roots will be put in. Where this visitation was escaped, however, the sowing of barley and oats has been but little interrupted, and of the former cereal a good area has been already sown. In the West of England the weather has been favourable to lambing, and there is a heavy fall of healthy lambs, reaching 150 or 155 to every 100 bearing ewes. Both ewes and lambs are doing well. In the North of England also twin lambs are numerous, triplets not infrequent, the lambs strong and healthy, and the losses few. In the East of England the losses in lambing have been heavier than elsewhere, but the fall has been nearly the same, and the season on the whole is by no means a bad one anywhere. Prices for stock remain fairly remunerative; it is only on grain that there is a loss.

FAMOUS WHEAT MARKETS.—That mine of buried intelligence, the office of the Queen's Printers, discloses some curious facts with respect to English wheat. London for instance has its tri-weekly market, and at each market there are reporters to catch the echo of opinion, and record the fluctuations of value. Yet London sales of English wheat are only 144,284 qrs. in a year, where Norwich sells 173,652 qrs. These are the only markets where over a hundred thousand quarters are sold, but Lynn sells 95,372 qrs., Chelmsford 81,948 qrs., Cambridge 69,654 qrs., Colchester 61,171 qrs., Lincoln 59,752 qrs., Bury St. Edmunds 58,893 qrs., Ely 51,092 qrs., Boston 51,029 qrs., Northampton 49,857 qrs., and St. Ives 46,132 qrs. Ely and St. Ives are scarcely ever reported, yet they sell far more wheat than Canterbury, Oxford, Worcester, Shrewsbury, and Carlisle, among others, which never lack a report.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT is normally above the general average in Middlesex, Surrey, Berkshire, Sussex, Kent, Hampshire, Essex, and Suffolk, but is below the mean in Somerset, Gloucester, Worcester, Warwick, Oxford, Lincoln, Huntingdon, and Cambridge. The great county of Yorkshire presents much variety in this respect, Scarborough, Hull, and Darlington being conspicuously cheap markets, while Leeds is dearer than the average. At the present time for the whole kingdom the average price of wheat is 30s. 5d., and exactly the same as a year ago. But mean quality is quite 3s. worse than it was then, so that sample wheat has been "appreciated" about 3s. on the year. London is, as usual, 1s. to 2s. dearer than the majority of the country markets.

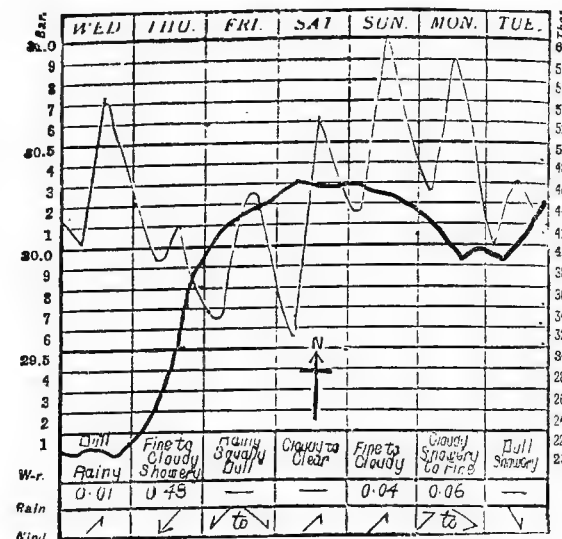
SCOTLAND.—Farmers are disappointed at the difficulty experienced in selling their potatoes. Champions which last year were unsaleable are in great demand at 60s. to 65s. per ton, while Magnums only bring 50s. to 55s. per ton. Beauty of Hebron are quite unsaleable at 40s. per ton, and are being bought at that price for cattle feeding. Prices of beef went back 3s. to 4s. per cwt. in February, but have since recovered half-a-crown of the decline. Mutton continues in

good request at a fair price. Store cattle and sheep are very dear. There is abundance of hay and straw, but turnips are scarce. The cheapness of oil and cotton cake is leading, however, to a beneficial admixture of these fine elements with the general food of stock, and at 20s. per quarter maize is also being fed to cattle. A good area of oats has been sown, and potato-planting has commenced in the south.

TURNIPS have of late years become at once a costly and a precarious crop. Farm rents and cost of labour have told heavily against this branch of farming, while the conditions of soil most essential to the successful growth of turnips have been gradually diminishing. Take for example the singling out of the plants. This used to be done by women and children at eighteen-pence a day, but men have now to be employed, and happy is the farmer who can secure efficient service at 2s. a day. A matter of equal seriousness is the reduced feeding value of the roots from too liberal an application of artificial manures—a point which we cannot here discuss, but another in which many of the most observant farmers have come to thoroughly believe is the distinctly increased liability of the crop to succumb to adverse weather. Is this important crop going out of the class of things profitable to the farmer to grow? It is a weighty issue, but of less vital interest since the system of ensilage has introduced an alternative food for stock.

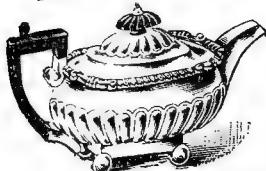
## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1889.

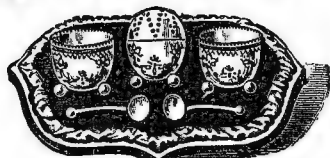




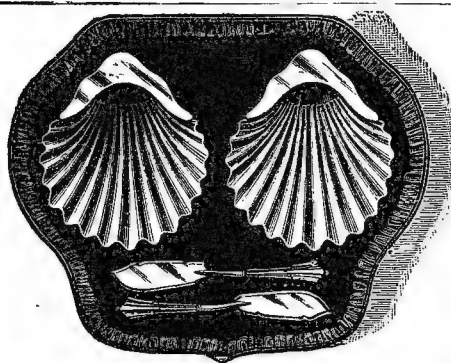
# MAPPIN & WEBB'S



Masonic Silver Antiquary Fluted Tea and Coffee Service complete, £42 10s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, in Morocco Case, £2



Two Sterling Silver Escalloped Butter Shells and Knives to Match. In Morocco Case, £4 15s. One Shell and Knife in Case, £2 10s.

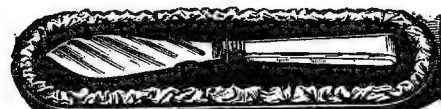
# ARTISTIC SILVER PLATE

IS THE BEST FOR HARD WEAR.

158, OXFORD STREET, W., and 18, POULTRY, E.C.



Regd. Scutell Sugar Basin. Solid Silver, £5 5s. Best Electro, £3 5s.



Butter Knife with Ivory Handle. In Best Morocco Case, Sterling Silver, 14s. 1. Electro Silver ditto, Engraved Blade, 8s.



Chased Solid Silver Hair Brushes, £2 10s. each. Mirror to match £3 5s.



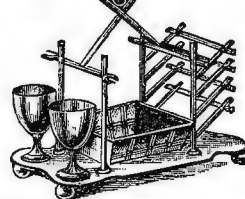
Chased Silver Coffee Pot, with Ebony Handle. Solid Silver, 1 pint, £7; 1 1/2 pints, £10 12s; Best Electro, 1 pint, £3 10s; 1 1/2 pints, £4.



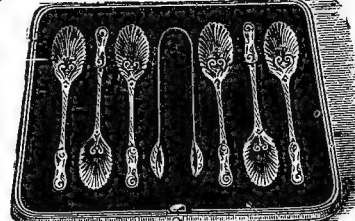
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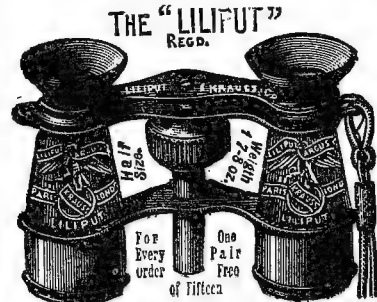
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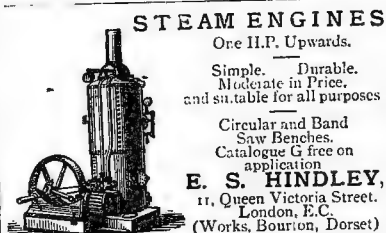
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"I am not an old man yet, am I?"

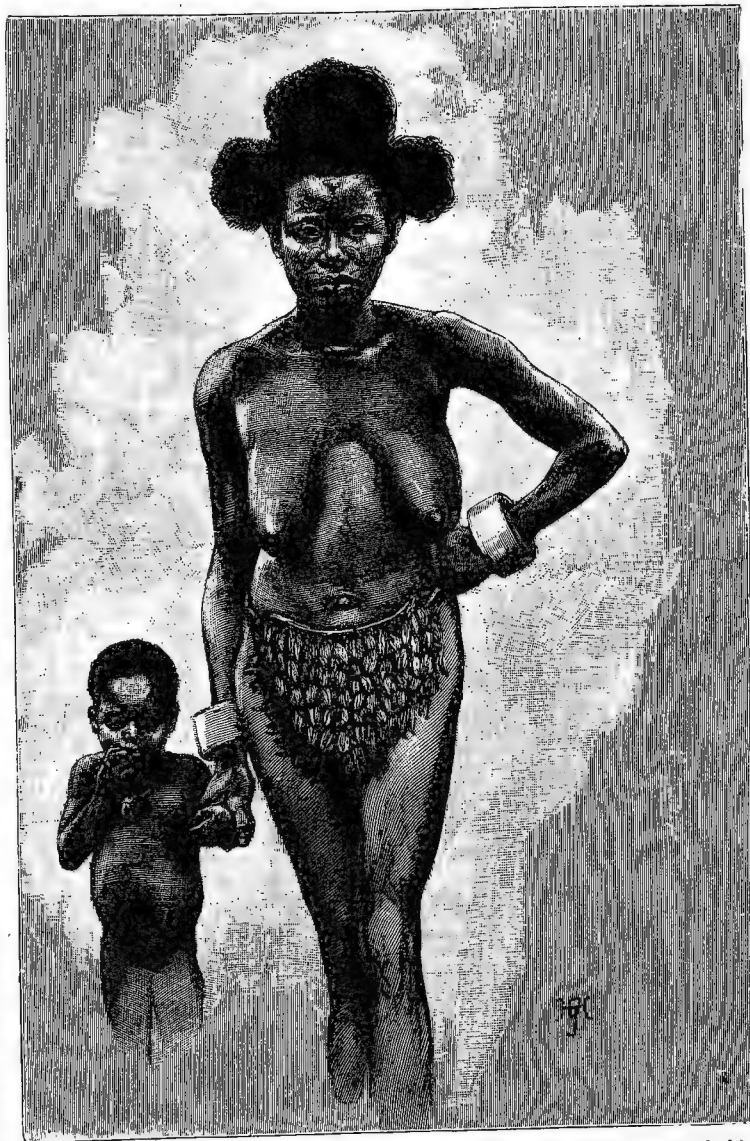
was first caught by the slavers I was a strong full-grown man, already married. What curious people you Europeans are!—You ask so many questions, and you want to know so much about things that do not concern you. Why should you care about slaves from the Sudan, and how they live, and what languages they speak? See, you have written many words already that I have spoken of Marghi and Fulde, and Mbudikum and Batta, and other tongues of the Barbarians and Pagans, who know not God, and reject the teaching of His Prophet. I too, was like them once. The country where my mother bore me is far away—far, far away, beyond the Desert, beyond the Great River, beyond the Kingdoms of the Muslem, in a land of Kufar (unbelievers), where the people, my brothers, went naked, and knew not shame. It is a country so far that, though you may love travelling, I doubt if you would ever reach it: yet once or twice I have heard that white men have been near my mother-land. They came—I have heard it said—to spy out the country and the chiefs of the Ful people, and the Wazir of Bornu attended them protection. Then, too, I have heard that the great rushing river, which was distant a month's walk from my home, towards the north—the river that the Ful-be \* call Mayo Fumbina, and the Batta call the Benue—that this water flowed towards the setting sun, where it joined the Kwara, which comes from Timbaktu; and up this Kwara they used to say that white men came in big ships to buy slaves. The white men, I heard, would come to Nufe, and sometimes the Arabs have told me they were English, and sometimes they said they were another kind of Englishmen, called Merakani. And once, too, some white men came up the Benue River in a steamer, and now the Bornu people

bring news to Tarabulus that the white men have got houses on the Benue, where they trade with the Ful people. It may be lying, it may be true, I do not know, but you white men are wonderful, and so are the things you do.

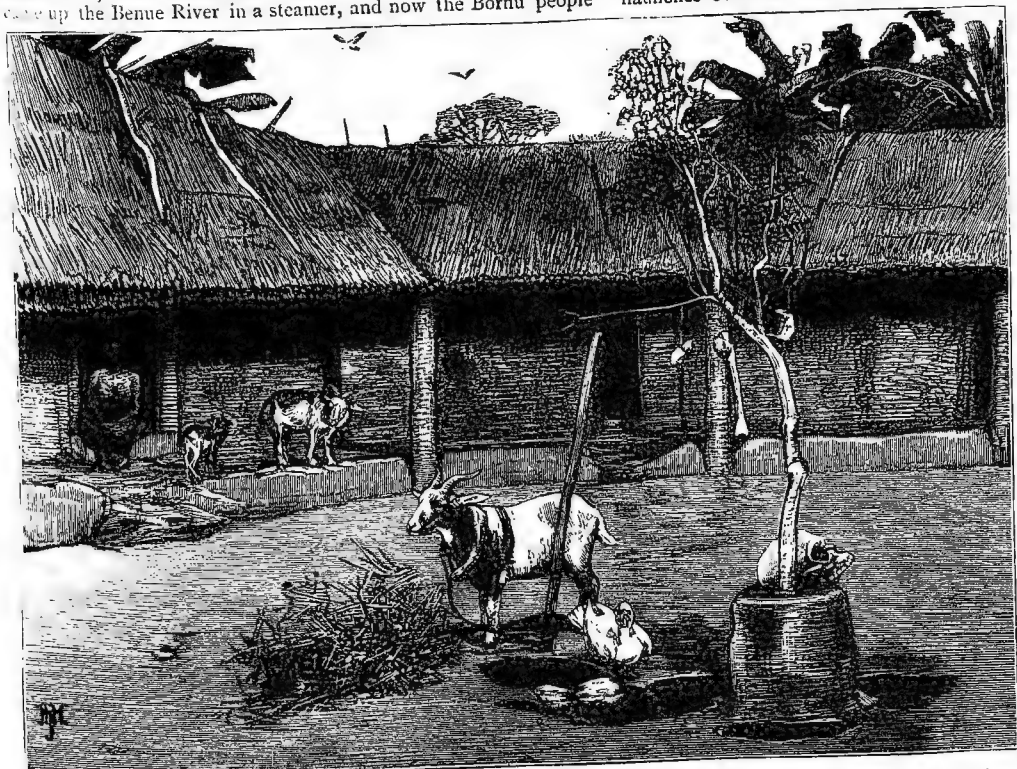
Are you going to write my history in a book? The Sidi, my master, said you wished to do so, and as he likes you, and wishes to please you, he has sent me here, and told me I am to do your bidding. If you wish me to be silent, I am to be silent; if you wish me to talk, I am to tell you all that I know, if it be words of the Ertana \* of the pagans, or if it be of all the things that I have seen and done in all my life, since I was born. Oh, yes! I will tell you truth—by God I will not lie—why should I? You white men know everything, and if you found I was deceiving you, you would send me away, and my master would punish me; and I like coming to see you, it makes me proud to talk to a white man—all my friends say, "See, Abu-l-Guwah† must be a man with something in him, or the Englishman would not send for him every day, and write down in a book the words that he speaks."

The name they called my mother-country was Mbudikum. It was a land of forests and mountains—a land where water never failed, because in all directions there were brooks and rivers, and my countrypeople never thought of digging wells. When I can first remember, I was a small, small boy, and I lived in a large village of this country called Bahom. My mother was a young woman who had a pleasant face, although, after the fashion of these pagans, it was scarred and tattooed on the forehead, and cheeks, and chin. My mother was one of the five wives of a man called Asho-eso, who was the chief of the village, and also ruled over three other neighbouring towns. We lived in a kind of compound, the four sides of which were houses built of clay, with palm-thatch roofs; in the middle of the compound or yard was a small tree growing, and on this tree were hung the skulls of people whom my father, the old chief, had killed, and there were also a lot of charms and gri-gri, such as these pagans believe in, tied round the trunk of this tree; and every now and then, when the men of the village killed a slave or a prisoner whom they had captured when they fought with the Bakuba—the Bakuba were a tribe who lived on a high mountain two days' journey from our village, and who used sometimes to fight with us—when, I say, the men of our town killed some one and roasted his flesh for a feast—for my people were man-eaters like the Ghuls of the desert—the bones of the men they had eaten were laid round about the base of this tree. The first thing I remember clearly was playing with the skull of one of these people whom the young men of the town had eaten. I used to roll it about on the ground of the compound, and amuse myself by filling it with sand, and then holding it up to let the sand run out from the eyes and nose. There were a number of other boys—perhaps eight or ten—living with me in the compound, who were said to be my father's children. My mother was the youngest of his wives. Her name was Tutu, and the name of the head-wife was Ndeba. I hated Ndeba, and she did not like me, because she was jealous of my mother, and her own children had died. The old chief, my father, they said had been a strong man when he was young, and they had made him chief because he had fought very bravely against the Bakuba, and had captured many prisoners and women and goats and sheep, and, as he was very generous, they made him chief in the place of another man who had been killed, but, when I remember him, he was old, and his eyes were dim; he had a short grey beard, and the hair of his head was grey, and he had lost many of his teeth. His knees were swollen and large, and he could only walk slowly and with a stick. For hours together he would sit on his haunches over the fire in his own hut, and 'do

nothing but take snuff occasionally out of a small antelope horn which hung round his neck. Only when the women wrangled too loud would he raise himself and find his voice, and when he was angry and shouted, the brightness came back to his eyes, and his voice was strong, and it made us tremble, because it was told that once in his younger days, when a wife had refused to stop yelling because the head-wife had taken her portion of peppers, he struck her on the head with his ebony stick, and she died. Sometimes I used to creep into my father's hut and watch him as he sat over the fire; he never spoke much to me, and much of what he said seemed to be nonsense. A few sentences of his talk I still remember, he said them over and over again, like a kind of song—"The elephants came down



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would say, except when the women quarrelled, and he could not sleep. My eldest brother was a big young man. He was the son of the second wife. I liked him because he was kind to me, and because he, too, hated the eldest wife. When she quarrelled with my mother, he took my mother's part. His own mother we all laughed at, because she had once broken her leg, and when it mended the bone stuck out in a lump, and one leg was shorter than the other, so that, when she walked, she walked with a hop. We called her the "Iyena," because her gait was limping—and in our language we call the hyena the "limping leopard"—but my eldest brother was good to me, and would play with me, and, when he took part in these pagan feasts, he would bring back a little of the man's heart they had eaten, so that I might taste it, and grow brave, for Wallah! I was a pagan and a man-eater, too. I knew no better, and was as a brute, and none had told me of Allah and His Nabi.† My eldest brother taught me to make bows and arrows—the bow out of the springy wood of the climbing palm, and the string, too, of palm-fibre or the twisted gut of a goat—and our arrows were made out of stout grass-stems and notched, or sometimes the blacksmith of the village would beat me out a small barb of iron, which I would fasten on to the end of my arrow. With these bows and arrows I soon learned to kill small birds, which I took home to eat. I always shared them with my brothers, as was our custom, for we shared everything—we boys—but if the women tried to take something of what we had killed to put in their own pots, we made a great noise, and stoned them, and my mother would scream and shout at the other women if they tried to take away the things I had killed, for my mother set much store by me, and would let no one do me hurt, if she could prevent them. And I learned to fish in the brooks, where we made weirs of reeds and bush-creepers, and once I remember, when I jumped into the deep water of one of these pools, which we had dammed up, to catch in my arms a large fish that was entrapped there, a big lizard, such as the Arabs call "Waran," attacked me, for he, too, was after the fish, and with his long, sharp-edged tail cut the skin all down my right thigh, and I thought I should have died, because so much blood ran out, and I could hardly drag myself home, where my mother wailed over me; and because the head-wife was learned in medicine, and knew the best way to stop the flowing of blood and heal the wound,

\* The Ful, or "Fula" people. Ful-o is the singular form (one Fula man). Ful-be the plural. Fulde, or Fulful-de, the language. The Arabs call the Ful "Filani"

† Jargon savage language.

‡ The Father of Strength, the strong, lusty. A name sometimes given by the Arabs to negro slaves.

\* Fula

† "Prophet"—viz., Mohammedi



my mother had to give her a large present—I think she gave her a goat—that she might apply her skill to close up the wound in my thigh, and this she did, as I remember, by washing it, and putting on it the real paste of a wood that was bitter to the taste, and then she strapped up the whole thigh in plantain leaves, and in a few days I was well.

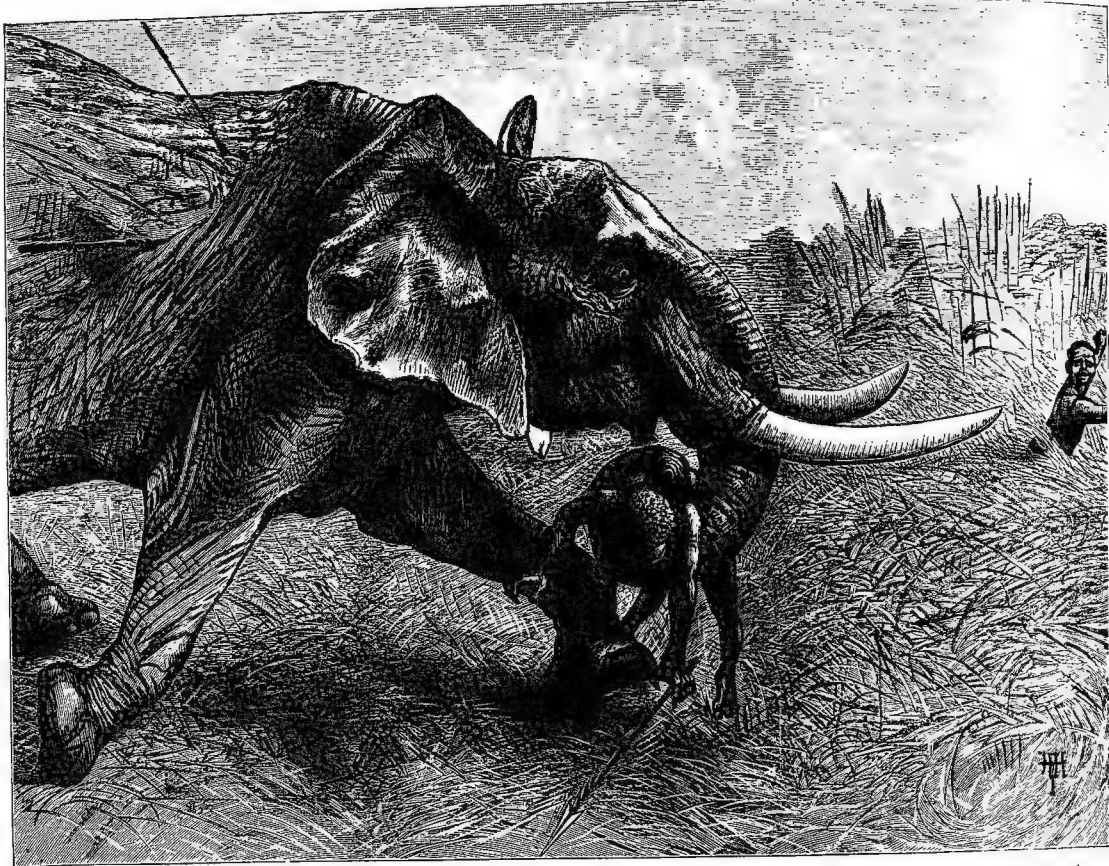
A black and white woodcut illustration of a Native American man, likely from the Pacific Northwest, standing and facing forward. He is wearing a traditional tunic or robe made of animal skin or fur, which is fringed at the edges. He has a large, feathered headdress or wig on his head. In his right hand, he holds a long, curved paddle or canoe paddle, with the blade resting on his shoulder. His left hand is tucked into his robe. The background is a simple, textured surface, possibly representing a ground or a wall. The style is characteristic of 19th-century ethnographic illustrations.

"EPFUMO"

He appears like a man dressed in a great mantle, made of palm-fronds, a mantle which descends from his shoulders to his knees, and is very broad, and constructed somewhat like a cage, but there are holes to let the arms pass out through, and on to his finger-nails are fastened leopards-claws. In one hand he holds a great cutlass, and in the other a pierced antelope-horn, with which he blows a strong blast at times, to warn people out of his way. On his head is a hideous mask of painted wood, from the top of which hangs down behind a black-and-white monkey-skin.

When I was a child I thought that the "Epumo" was a real devil, but now I know it is only a man dressed up, and generally the "doctor," the pagan priest of the town, and this "Epumo" that

and there was a great clamour. Only my father sat quiet on his haunches and seemed sad. He said once or twice, "Witch or no witch, she was a wise woman, and who will tend me now she is gone?" Then some young men came rushing in and said the trial would take place as soon as the moon was up. And all that day was hard to pass, I longed so to see what they would do with the woman who had bewitched my brother; and at last the evening meal was over and it was dark, and lighting a bundle of palm-shreds at the fire which these pagans use as torches, my mother took me by the hand and led me out of the compound, all the other women going too, but as we passed the open door of my father's hut, his fire flickered up, and I saw him sitting there alone musing over the hearth, his chin resting on his hands, which held his ebony staff. And I said to my mother, "Is he not going too?" and she said, "He is too feeble to walk so far, and besides, he is too old to care for anything now but his soup and his snuff," and she laughed. And the limping Hyena, the second wife, as she passed, said to my mother, "It is not well to laugh, for Asho-eso was a strong man once." So we passed out into the darkness, and my mother separated herself from the other wives, and here and there we saw the flare of the other torches, for many people were wending their way to the place of trial. But my mother walked not with the other wives, saying she liked not their company, and as we passed a new house that had been built in the town,



came out to find the person who bewitched my brother must have been an old man named "Asho-ntshong," which means in our language "Kill-thief." And all this time that the "Epfumo" was searching through the town for the bewitcher of my brother, the drum in the fetish-house was going "Bong ! bong ! bong !" and there was no other sound in the town but the noise of the drum, except when a dog howled, or the fowls cackled ; and I hid myself in the darkness of my mother's hut, fearing to let go her hand, and she, too, was frightened, and had put the screen of latticed palm-stems against the door-way of her hut ; but presently we heard quite close to the entrance to our compound a blast from the "Epfumo's" horn.

"Epfumo!"s' born.

My mother started up, and trembled all over. "He is coming in here," she said, "I knew it; it is the head-wife that has bewitched thy brother;" and although I was very frightened, I was very curious to see what the "Epfumo" would do, so I crept close to the door-way, and peeped through the cracks of the palm-lattice, and for the first time I saw the terrible "Epfumo." He came into the compound, walking at the head of a troop of other devils, dressed somewhat like himself, but with white staves in their hands, and no cutlass, and the "Epfumo" cried, with a loud voice, "I smell the witch who has bewitched Ejok" (that was my brother's name), and at these words I saw my father come out of the house, walking very slowly and painfully, and helping himself with his stick, and he said, "What seekest thou here, 'Epfumo?'" and the devil said, "I seek the bewitcher of Ejok, and I know I am near," and the "Epfumo" walked towards our house, or rather he danced towards us with a curious mincing step, and again I shut my eyes with fright, for I saw he was coming to our door, and all this time my mother was crouching on the ground, putting her hands before her eyes, and when I looked out again the "Epfumo" had passed on, and he went very near the next house, and the next, but stopped at none till he came to the house of the head-wife, and there he danced in; and then I heard a frightful yell, and the "Epfumo" came out, dragging the head-wife by the wrist, and she in her scare set both her feet together, and bent her body, so that he might fail to move her from the threshold of her hut; but it was of no use, for my father said, "Bind her," and the other dressed-up men that accompanied "Epfumo" took coils of bush-rope from underneath their mantle of palm-leaves, and bound the head-wife round and round, so that she was stiff, and could move nothing about her but her head; and all the while she screamed, and screamed, until her screams became like the hoarse cry of an angry camel, and then when she was bound they lifted her up, and carried her out of the compound. And then after some little time the "Bong! bong! bong!" of the fetish drum stopped, for the witch was found. And the town came to life again.

My mother rose up and lifted away the door from the entrance to her hut, made up the embers of the fire, and then rushed out into the compound to meet the other women, who were already raising a mighty clamour with their tongues. They were all shouting, "Did I not tell you so, did I not say the head wife had bewitched Ejok? Were not her ways always the ways of a witch? Aha, now she will be punished as she deserves!" My mother screamed the loudest of all, for she was glad, and hated the head wife, and I shouted too and the other boys, and the small girls beat with sticks on the wooden drums, and the goats bared, and the fowls cackled,

a young man, a fine tall proper fellow—his name was “Ngwi,” or “the leopard”—came out from under the eaves of the house and looked in my mother’s face as she held up her torch, and my mother nodded to him and let go my hand, holding Ngwi’s instead, whilst she still held up her torch to light the way. Then presently she saw the other wives of my father a little way in advance, and she told me to run on ahead and go with my brothers, for there was something she must say to Ngwi first. So I ran on and joined myself to the limping Hyena, who was very sad, and sobbed and cried still, to think of the death of her son. And when we arrived at the place of trial we found it was a large open space in the forest, where the ground was smooth and had been beaten hard by men’s feet, and all vegetation was removed except for one great tree, with spreading branches, which grew in the middle of the clearing, and all round the border of this maiden, or square, there were great fires burning, so that the place was full of light, and round these fires were squatting or standing all the young men of the town. Most of them were drunk with palm wine, and kept shouting and singing without any sense, and close to the base of the big tree there lay my father’s head wife still in her bonds; she could only move her head a very little from side to side, and her eyes rolled dreadfully, and there was another thing close beside her which made me feel very sad and sick: it was the remains they had found of my brother when he had been killed by the elephant, only the head and trunk and part of his thighs were there. Then, presently there was a blowing of horns, and into the square came Asho-ntshong, the old “Ngaŋga,” or medicine man of the town, who used to dress up as the “Epfumo,” but this time he was not Epfumo at all, or the women and children would not have been there. The old Ngaŋga had painted a curious pattern of white lines over his body, and he had a lot of charms hung about his neck, a tall plaited hat on his head, and ruffs of white goat’s fur round his ankles. He blew a loud blast on his antelope horn, and all the noise and talking ceased; then in the midst of silence he said, “Epfumo has found the witch who brought about the death of Ejok; it is Ndeba, the wife of Asho-eso, my mother, who had words the other wives of my father—except my mother, who had not come—all said, “Aya, aya! it is true,” but the Ngaŋga blew another blast on his horn to silence them, and went on, “Ndeba denies that she bewitched Ejok, so it shall be put to the test, and we will see if Epfumo was wrong.” Then after saying these words, he took his knife and cut off a small piece—just about a mouthful—of the flesh of my dead brother, and called to one of his attendants who brought a small wooden box, in which was kept a red sauce. Into this sauce he dipped the morsel of my brother’s flesh, and rolled it round two or three times; then he bade them hoist up Ndeba, the head wife, and whilst they held her upright, he said to her, “Open thy mouth and swallow this piece of the flesh of the man whom Epfumo says thou didst bewitch. If it stays on thy stomach thou wilt be set free, and Epfumo will have told a lie, for all men will see that thou couldst not have bewitched Ejok if his substance will unite with thine; but if thou vomit up this piece of his body, Epfumo will have shown truly that thou art the witch.” Then the head wife opened her mouth and received the morsel of my brother’s flesh; and I saw the muscles of her face and throat working as though trying to swallow it, but perhaps the sauce in which it was dipped made her retch, or perhaps after all she was a witch—how do we know? perhaps there is some truth in what these pagans tell? are they not



"Around the base of the tree were walking two or three brown vultures. . . . When I said in a soft voice, 'Ndeba!' her eyes opened, and she looked hard at me"





"The bunch of plantains she set on my head, and made me carry the duck under one arm, and lead the goat with the other hand"

her eyes, down the sides of her neck, and along the outer part of her arms. I ran to my mother to know what they were decking the Hyena for, and she said, with a laugh, that she was making herself smart for her journey to the Under-world.

"Where is the Under-world?" I asked. "Is it beyond the mountain, on the great river?"

"No," she said, "it is under the ground, where dead people go when they are buried. Thy father has gone there, since Epumo has called him; and now the Hyena must go too, to tend upon him."

That same day some of the young men from the town came to prepare my father to be put into the earth. They opened his body and took out his bowels, which they buried in the ground in the middle of the compound; then they made a big fire in the hut where my father lived, and after they had sewn up the body they smoked it on a frame of sticks above the fire, and there it lay all the rest of the day and the whole night, till it was quite black and dry; and it got so small, so shrunken, that it was not like my father at all.

The next morning they took it down off the sticks and rubbed the smoke-black off with the husks of bananas and with corn-cobs, so that the body was shiny like leather. After this they got the red dye and white earth, and painted the face of the corpse red and white, and put on the ivory bracelets and the charms that my father had worn round his neck when he was alive, and then they got the grass-cloth which our people used to weave, and dye red and black, and they wound these cloths round and round his body so that it was like a bundle, and only the head was free; but before they wound this cloth round him, they bent the legs up, so that my father was sitting with his knees close to his chest, just as he sat when he was alive, and when the cloth was wound round and round his body, it kept the knees and the arms in position. Then they dug a big, big hole in the floor of my father's hut.

And whilst this was going on, all that day the Hyena had been led round about the town, painted up in the way I have told you; she was led by the other wives of my father.

She went to all the people in the town to say good-bye, and each gave her greeting, and many gave her presents to take with her. And when all was ready, the grave dug, and the corpse prepared, they sent for the Ngaŋga, and all the people began to come to our compound, carrying torches, for it was night. Then some of my other brothers brought three white goats from my father's flock and three white fowls, and baskets of ground nuts and maize. And the Ngaŋga, who was painted all over in different colours and had a monkey-skin cap upon his head, began to dance round the grave, and said a lot of silly words which I did not understand. After this, he called in a loud voice on my father, "Asho-eso, art thou ready to go?" And, though no one answered, he pretended to listen

at the lips of the corpse whom they had seated at the edge of the grave, and then he turned to the other people and said, "I hear him say 'yes.'" So the young men got bush-ropes and tied it round the corpse and lowered it into the grave. Then some one led up the Hyena, I could see that she was trembling very much, but she did not speak, and the Ngaŋga bade her lie on the ground by the side of the grave. She lay down on her back, and he kneeled on her chest, got her neck in his skinny hands, and squeezed it so that she was strangled and died. Then they laid her body in the grave at the feet of my father. And after this they brought the three white goats and three white fowls and cut their throats one after another over the grave so that the blood fell on the two corpses, but the bodies of the goats and fowls were taken away to be eaten at the funeral feast. The Ngaŋga scattered a few of the ground-nuts and maize into the grave, and they put in a horn of snuff and a wisp of salt in a banana leaf, and a gourd of water, some red peppers, and some wooden dishes; and then the earth was all heaped back into the grave and trampled down by the young men. After this, they had a big feast, and my mother gave me a large piece of meat. All the night they stayed singing and shouting and drinking palm-wine, until they were most of them drunk.

The next day all the big men met in the "Epumo" house to say who should be the next chief, and some said one man and some said another, and whilst they were quarrelling the Ngaŋga came dancing in, blowing his horn, and shouting out that he had a message from "Epumo," and the message was that Ngwi was to be the new chief.

Some grumbled at this, and said he was too young, but no one thought of disputing the Ngaŋga's word. So the next day the Ngaŋga gave to Ngwi my father's ebony staff, and Ngwi came down and took possession of our compound and all that was in it, and the three remaining wives of my father became the wives of Ngwi, and Ngwi made my mother the head wife, so that she had all the other wives as her servants.

And Ngwi killed ten of my father's goats and tapped many palm trees, so that there were great jars of palm wine. And he dug up many yams and ground nuts, and prepared a big feast, to which all the men of the village came. They were all pleased at this, and said Ngwi would make a good chief after all, because he was generous, and fed the hungry. And I liked Ngwi because he was kind to me, and gave me a big ivory bracelet.

After this several years went by, and things went well for our village. Ngwi was a brave man in war, and several times defeated the people of the mountain, bringing back with him many slaves, and goats and sheep, and he made several new plantations, and dug cunning pitfalls for the elephant, so that our store of ivory increased. And he added four new wives to his household, and sturdy children were born to him. I learnt to shoot with the bow and arrow, and to hurl the dart with a good aim, and Ngwi promised me that when I should be made a man he would give me a gun, for at this time our people had begun to get guns



"THE NDOGE BROTHERHOOD"

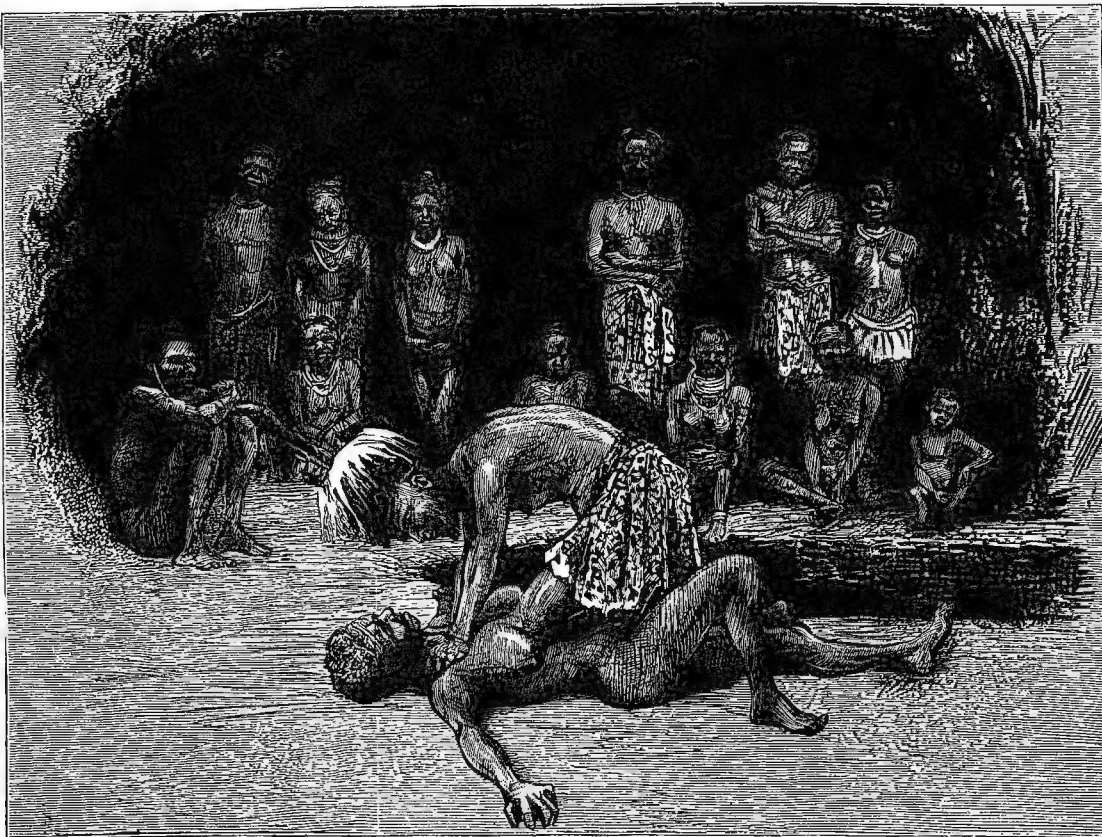
from the Ful-be traders. As I grew older I saw less of my mother, and as she had another child by Ngwi, she cared less for me, and would often drive me out of her hut impatiently, when I came to her for food, and besides, I liked more to go out with the bigger boys fishing or hunting, or pretending to play at war with blunt arrows and wooden spears, which we used to aim at each other. They did not do much harm, as they had not sharp points, but one day I shot an arrow into a boy's eye, and put out his sight. I was very proud of this, and Ngwi praised me, and I said I should make a good warrior, but he had to pay a goat in compensation to the father of the boy.

Ngwi was very good to me, and used to take me with him sometimes, when he went on a trading expedition to a Ful settlement, two or three days' distance from the village. Here I used to see the Mohammedans riding on horses and asses, animals that were new to our people, who always called them the "white man's cows," for as the Ful-be were so much lighter than we in colour, we used to call them "Pañ-mukwo," or "white men."

One day Ngwi looked at me attentively, and said I was getting big enough to be made into a man, and soon after that the old Ngaŋga came to our compound, and told me I must go away with him. At the same time Ngwi had to pay him a goat, and my mother gave him a small present too. Ngwi gave the goat, because as he had taken our "house," he was looked upon as my father. The Ngaŋga made me follow him to a place about an hour's walk from the town, in the middle of the woods. It was a large enclosure, surrounded by a hedge of spiky-leaved plants, called "Ngonje." Inside were a number of huts, with a large "Epumo" house in the middle of the enclosure. As we went in a number of big boys, as big and bigger than myself, rushed out of the little houses making a curious noise, like "Prrr," and speaking to me in a strange language, which I did not understand.

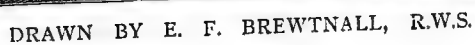
They were all clothed with a large skirt made of palm-leaves, which was attached to their waists. Their bodies were covered with red paint, and a lot of white marks were drawn about their faces. When I had looked carefully into their eyes I recognised first one and then another, as old playfellows, who had disappeared from our village recently, and at the time I had asked about their disappearance I was told that they were sent away to be made into men. When I called them by their names they were very angry, and beat me with their sticks, and the old Ngaŋga told me that I must not call them by their old names any more, as they had changed them for new ones, and also that I must not speak to them until I had learnt the sacred language, and that every time I spoke in the old tongue the other boys would beat me—that I must not eat this, or this, or this, until I was made a man, or it would kill me, and the things that we were allowed to have for our food were certain roots and fruits, and which we had to search for in the woods, and flesh of monkeys and lizards, and snakes, and any wild creatures, which we could kill with our bows and arrows, but goat's-flesh and fowls, and fish, were forbidden to us. At first I was told that I must be a servant to the elder boys, and together with others who, like myself,

(Continued on page 342)



"Then some one led up the Hyena . . . and the Ngaŋga bade her lie on the ground by the side of the grave. She lay down on her back, and he kneeled on her chest, got her neck in his skinny hands, and squeezed it so that she was strangled and died"





# “THE TENTS OF SHEM.”

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

progress of the handsome young painter's work.

One would almost have fancied they both did it on purpose, were such suspicions possible about a Third Classic. But Girton girls, of course, like Caesar's wife, are above suspicion.

"Don't you think, perhaps, he's a trifle dangerous, Tom?" Mrs. Knyvett asked more than once of her astute brother.

And the eminent Q.C., who flattered himself he had a keen nose for the trail of a fortune-hunter, answered off-hand, "No, no, Amelia, not he. He's an innocent, ignorant young man, the painter. Not at all the sort of person ever likely to fall in love with a girl like Iris; and certainly not at all the sort of person a girl like Iris is ever the least likely to fall in love with. He doesn't

Iris saw a great deal all these days of Meriem also; for Uncle Tom had now procured the philological services of a one-eyed Maltese—official interpreter to the Commune of St. Cloud—of whose aid in speaking the Kabyle tongue he availed himself freely in his legal inquiries; and though Iris herself was henceforth strictly excluded from these severe interviews as a dangerous personage to her own cause, she generally rode across with her uncle to the Beni-Merzoug mountain, and sat among the bare rocks outside, chatting with Meriem, while the great Q.C., the Amine, and the Kabyles generally were endeavouring to arrive, by question and answer, through the medium of the one-eyed Maltese's English, at some possible mode of understanding one another's respective ideas, Oriental or Western.

On one such occasion Uncle Tom came over in high glee, primed for the final inquiry of all, to which his careful research among the archives of St. Cloud had now ultimately narrowed itself. He had no doubt by this time in his own mind that a good deal of the Claimant's story was true—that Clarence Knyvett, after enlisting at Toulon as Joseph Leboutillier, had really run away from the Third Chasseurs, out of pique or Quixotism, and taken refuge among the Kabyles under the name of Yusuf. He had discovered further, from the *Actes de l'Etat Civil* at St. Cloud, that the fugitive had survived his brother Alexander by several months, and therefore, in accordance with the blundering terms of the old Admiral's will, possessed the power of bequeathing the family property to whomsoever he chose, provided only he died in the position of a father to lawful issue, by English usage recognised as such, and then only. Hence, the one point Uncle Tom had still to investigate was the very simple one whether Clarence Knyvett's marriage with Halima, Meriem's mother, was in the eyes of the Probate and Divorce Division a true wedlock or a purely polygamous and non-Christian union. And that he could prove this sole remaining point to his own satisfaction he had very little doubt indeed. The proof, to be sure, would not satisfy Iris's extreme views as to Aristotelian equity; but it would amply satisfy the scruples of an English judge; and that was quite enough for Uncle Tom. The great Blackstone had pronounced the union a meretricious one. Uncle Tom didn't for a moment doubt that Iris herself could be



persuaded in the end to agree with the great Blackstone on the legal issue, to compromise Meriem's shadowy claims for some small annuity, and to enjoy her own good and undoubted title to the estate without further dreams of a Quixotic and unpractical natural justice.

On this particular morning, therefore, Uncle Tom sat under the open corridor of the Amine's cottage, endeavouring for the tenth time at least to cross-examine, in his familiar Chancery Lane style, these very unpromising and incomprehensible witnesses.

It was hard, indeed, to drag anything out of them; their Oriental imagery clouded from the eminent O.C.'s Occidental mind their underlying meaning. But at last Uncle Tom had begun to discover a right mode of approach, and to pin the Amine down, step by step, to something like a consistent statement of plain history.

"Ask him," Uncle Tom remarked to the interpreter, with severe emphasis, "whether he was present himself on the particular occasion, when his sister Halima, or whatever else her outlandish name may be, was married to the man they call Yusuf."

"He says, of course he was," the one-eyed Maltese responded cheerfully, as the Amine, with innumerable nods and gestures, expressed his assent volubly in many guttural notes to the question proposed to him.

"Ask him once more," Uncle Tom continued, with an austere countenance, "if there was any written contract of marriage."

"He says, Allah is great, and it is not the custom with the sons of the Kabyles," the interpreter replied, again translating, with his one eye fixed firmly on the barrister's face.

"Then what was the ceremony performed at the wedding?" Uncle Tom went on, with malicious joy.

"He says, the All-Merciful was pleased to prosper him; he got twenty francs and a French Government rifle for her," the interpreter replied, with his gravest expression.

Uncle Tom was delighted, though he feigned surprise, and with difficulty repressed a triumphant smile. Nothing could be more beautifully barbaric than this. Twenty francs and a Government rifle! If ever the case should come into an English Court, which wasn't likely, the learned judge, Uncle Tom felt certain, would dismiss Miss Meriem at once with costs on the mere strength of that one feeble and fatuous admission.

"But the ceremony!" Uncle Tom objected, with a severe face, trying to look shocked. "The religious sanction? The obligation or bond? The *nexus matrimonii*? They must surely have something among these rude tribes in the nature of a wedding. They don't manage the matter as the fowls of the air would, do they, surely?"

"He says, a man who knows how to read Arabic recites the first and fourth chapters of the Koran," the interpreter replied, "and then the husband pays the contract price, and they eat a dish of *cous-cous* together, and the parties thenceforth are considered married."

Uncle Tom rubbed his hands together gaily. "*Confarreatio*!" he murmured to himself. "Heathen *confarreatio*, not Christian marriage.—And that was all that took place in this case?" he asked aloud, with considerable unction.

"Oh no," the interpreter replied, after consulting his principal; "there was more than that, the Amine remarks; much feasting and dancing took place in the house, and quantities of figs and of *cous-cous* were eaten."

"But there was no sort of wedding or marriage ceremony before the French authorities?" Uncle Tom insisted; "no going before the Priest or the Maire for example, or anybody of that sort?"

"The Amine says, do you take him for a dog?" the interpreter answered, with an unmoved face. "Was his sister a Christian, that she should do these things? Have not all his people been reckoned among the staunchest of the Faithful since the beginning of time, and is not he himself lineally descended from the Glory of Islam, the Star of the Atlas, the holy saint Sidi Mohammed of the Djurjura?"

Uncle Tom was almost satisfied now, but he thought it well to ask just one more question before he considered the point as finally settled. "Ask the man," he said once more, with his suavest voice, to make security doubly sure, "whether polygamy is lawful among his countrymen, the Kabyles?"

"The Amine replies, unhappily his people are too poor to be able to afford more than one wife apiece," the interpreter answered. "The Arabs, who are richer, have often more. Herds of camels and many wives are theirs. But the law of the Prophet is alike for all. There is but one Koran for Arab or Kabyle. Let not the Faithful set themselves up against the customs of Islam. In common with all other true Moslems, the Kabyles may have four wives apiece, if they choose, after the example of the ever-blessed Prophet Mohammed, and the glorious and victorious Caliph Omar."

Uncle Tom chuckled audibly to himself at the *naïve* reply. The learned judge would know very well how to deal with a so-called marriage of that sort. A polygamous union of no legal value! The case was practically closed now. The Claimant was not Clarence Knyvett's lawful heir, according to the requirements of English law. Uncle Tom had vindicated the sanctity of Christian wedlock. He had confounded the wiles of that artful Le Marchant. He felt his bosom swell with an honest pride. Twenty francs and a Government rifle, indeed! The Claimant's cause had collapsed utterly.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### TWO MAIDENS

OUTSIDE, meanwhile, upon the rocks under the gnarled old olives on the slope, Meriem and Iris sat and talked hard by, like two sisters who had lived with one another for a whole lifetime. Bare-footed, one, and a Girton girl, the other, that fortnight had brought them very close together. It seemed to Meriem as if for the first time in all her life she had found a girl friend to whom she could confide what was innermost and most profoundly sacred within her.

"I suppose, Iris," she said, in her simple, childlike way, peeping out from her robe with half-coquettish shyness, "the English part of me has only just begun quite lately to awaken. Before Vernon and Eustace came here to camp, I had never seen any English people at all, you see, except only Yusuf."

"Uncle Clarence, you mean," Iris suggested, half starting.

"He was Yusuf to me while he lived," Meriem answered, with a grave and serious look, taking her new friend's hand in her own, as was her wont; "and he shall be Yusuf to me always as long as I live, whatever his English people may have called him. Well, you see, dear, till Vernon and Eustace came to camp here, I hardly remembered or understood anything much of what Yusuf had told me. My English even was just a little girl's, I suppose; at least it was a great deal simpler and scantier than what I speak now; for when Yusuf died I was only a child, and all I knew was so vague and childish."

"But how old are you now, Meriem?" her cousin asked, looking hard at her strong fair face, with no little wonderment. "It isn't so long since Uncle Clarence's death. You can't have been so very childish then, you know."

"I'm sixteen now," Meriem answered, after a short attempt to recollect exactly. "So I must have been a little over twelve when Yusuf died, you see."

Iris started. "No more than sixteen!" she cried. "Why,

Meriem, you look as old as I, and I'm twenty-three my next birthday."

"But in the south," Meriem said, "I've always heard we girls grow to be women a great deal earlier than in colder countries. I suppose that's the Kabyle half of my nature: though I seem to feel, since Vernon and you came, I'm a great deal more English than Kabyle at bottom. I seem to get so much nearer to Vernon and you than I ever could get to Ahmed or to Ayesha."

"Then you've learnt to speak English much better of late," Iris asked, musingly.

"Oh, yes," Meriem answered; "ever so much better. I've learnt to express myself so much more easily. Since Vernon came, he and I have been talking together almost all the time. And I've learned to read English too, you see; that's taught me a great many words and ideas I hadn't got in my head before. Not at all seems as if I learnt more quickly than was possible. Not at all like learning to read the Koran. More like remembering, almost, than learning."

Love is a most successful teacher of languages. "I expect," Iris suggested, after a moment's thought, "your English nature had been growing up slowly, though never developing, for want of opportunity; and when these two young men came, and you had English companionship, it burst out at once, like a dormant faculty, into full activity."

"I think so," Meriem answered, catching at once at the kernel of her meaning, though some of the words that enveloped it were still unfamiliar to her. "I think I must have grown like a flower does, you know, before it opens, and the moment the right time for unfolding arrived, I must have opened naturally when the sunshine fell upon me."

"What sunshine?" Iris asked, with a quiet smile. Meriem had it in her heart to answer simply and truthfully, "Vernon's"; but a certain strange shyness she had never felt before in her life restrained her somehow, and she answered instead, quite prettily, "Yours, Iris."

The Third Classic leant forward, pleased at the compliment, and laid her white hand on Meriem's neck, caressingly. As she did so, she touched the little box locket that Meriem wore round her throat always. The girl drew back with a half-startled look. "Don't touch it," she cried. "You mustn't take that off. It was Yusuf himself who hung that charm there, and he told me I must never, never let any one except myself handle it."

Iris withdrew her caressing fingers, half hurt at the rebuff. "I see all you Kabyle girls wear them," she said, less cordially. "What is there in them?"

"Some of them have a little red hand for luck," Meriem answered, half-blushing with ingenuous shame, "and some have the bone of a great saint, or a white rag of his blessed clothing, and some have charms against the evil eye, and some have a verse from the holy Koran."

"But what's in yours?" Iris persisted, once more.

"I don't know," Meriem answered. "I've never looked. It was Yusuf who hung it there. He told me to keep it very carefully."

"But you ought to look, I think," Iris went on, with insistence. "Do let me take it off just once to see! Perhaps it may be something very important."

Meriem drew back with the same startled and terrified look as before.

"Oh, don't touch it, Iris; don't touch it," she cried. "Why, I wouldn't let even Vernon himself touch it."

It was Iris's turn to start back now. Vernon, Vernon, always Vernon! A shade of displeasure passed for a moment over her bright face.

"You seem very fond of Mr. Blake," she said, chillily. "And why do you always call him Vernon?"

"He told me to," Meriem answered, looking up into her pretty English cousin's eyes with vague wonder and hesitancy. "He said it was the right way to call him in English."

"Not for a girl," Iris objected, decidedly. "Girls don't call men by their names like that. I call him 'Mr. Blake,' don't you notice, Meriem?"

"Well, I called him Blake, too, at first," Meriem went on, much puzzled at this strange discrepancy between her two teachers; "and Eustace and he laughed at me for doing it. They told me only men did so in England. A woman ought to call him by the name he's got for being a Christian—Vernon."

"By his Christian name!" Iris cried, disapprovingly. "Oh, no, Meriem; not unless—unless they're awfully intimate and at home together. Only, you know, when they've known one another ever so long, and like one another oh—just immensely!"

"Well, I like Vernon just immensely," Meriem answered, smiling.

"Why?" Iris asked, with sharp decision.

"Who can tell? Because he paints and talks so beautifully, I suppose," Meriem replied, evasively.

A strange doubt rose, vague and undefined, in Iris's mind. Till that moment, the terrible thought had never even occurred to her. She knew that Vernon Blake had constantly painted the beautiful Kabyle girl, and had reproduced her faultless form in every attitude of that simple idyllic mountain life with brush and with pencil; but it had never struck her as possible, any more than it had struck Vernon Blake himself, that anything more serious than mere artistic admiration could enter into his feelings towards the fair barbarian. Iris was immensely taken with Meriem in her own way; the novelty and freshness of the situation interested and amused her. She had greeted her half-wild Mohammedan cousin sympathetically, with a cousinly frankness, and had forgotten, as far as a woman can forget, the great gulf fixed for ever between them. But the gulf was vaguely there in the background all the time for all that. Meriem was to Iris a charming and interesting and attractive savage, but a savage still at bottom in spite of everything. She could never believe that Vernon Blake, that poetic soul, that exquisite artist, as she herself had found him in their brief intercourse, could dream of throwing himself away for life upon a mere graceful and beautiful wild creature like Meriem.

And more than that, far, Iris felt at that moment. The human heart (at twenty-three) is a most plastic object. She had known Vernon Blake for a fortnight only, but she woke up all at once at those stray words of Meriem's to a vivid consciousness that henceforth he was indeed a part of her life, a factor in her history she could never again get rid of, for good or for evil. From the very first time she ever saw him, it had been Vernon Blake all day and all night with her. Vernon Blake had echoed in her brain and reverberated through her being. If not love at first sight on her side, as on his, it was at any rate interest—a profound interest, an indefinable charm, an irresistible attraction.

"Do you love him, Meriem?" she asked, suddenly.

Meriem looked back at her with perfect frankness. To the Kabyle girls of her village she would never have said a single word on that sacred subject. She could never have confided to them her love for a stranger, and that stranger an infidel. But Iris, as she said, like Vernon himself, had roused the half-awakened English side of her nature. To Iris she felt she could confide everything, as an English girl confides in her bosom friend, freely and unreservedly. She glanced, with a certain amount of shyness, but with no pretence at concealment, at her dainty little cousin, as she answered, simply,

"I love him, Iris, as I never could have loved one of our own people."

"And does he love you?" Iris asked, with a spasm.

Meriem's brow puckered up a little. "I don't know," she said, in a hesitating voice, pulling grasses from the crannies of the rock as she spoke. "I can't make quite sure. You see, Iris, I don't understand your English ways; and though I've been reading English novels and trying to understand them, I'm not so certain that I've really quite understood it all yet. Sometimes I think he does love me, because he talks so beautifully to me, and takes my face between his hands—like this, you know; and sometimes, when he gets so flippant and strange, and talks such nonsense, I think he doesn't really care one bit for me, but only just wants to amuse himself a little—like what they call flirting in the English novels. Kabyles don't flirt; we don't understand it. The last fortnight, especially, he's been often so. He's hardly taken any notice at all these days of me. . . . But then, you see, he says he's done quite enough figures, now, and he wants to go on painting at what he calls the background."

Iris looked hard at her with a vague misgiving. "Meriem," she said, gasping, "has he . . . has he ever said very much—you know how—to you?"

Meriem thought deeply for a moment how to express her ideas before she spoke. Then she answered slowly, with great difficulty, "I think he's talked to me . . . well, it's so awfully hard for me to say, of course, because our Kabyle men don't make love, you know, as you do in England; they buy us and pay for us; it's a matter of bargaining, like one does at market . . . but I think, Iris, he's often talked to me . . . the way they make love in the English novels."

"And taken you face in his hands, so," Iris went on, trembling, and holding Meriem's beautiful, shapely head between her palms, as she spoke.

"Yes, just so, Iris," Meriem answered, half whispering. Her face was like a red rose now. "Do you think . . . do you think, dear, that means anything?"

The English girl's heart beat hard but slow, with long leaps and throbs, as she asked again, faintly, "And kissed you, Meriem?"

"Yes," Meriem answered, in the same soft voice, getting frightened now. "Was it wrong of me, Iris? . . . I was afraid it was wrong. I told him I thought so—that he oughtn't to do it. But he only laughed at me and said, oh no, people always kissed like that in England. Out here, in Kabyle, you know, men never kiss a girl, of course—not a nice girl, I mean—till they've bought her and paid for her, and the Taleb has read a chapter of the Koran over them. But in England, Vernon said it wasn't like that; that you didn't think it at all wrong; and in the English novels—for I looked on purpose—I saw that all the young men and girls kissed one another quite freely when . . . when they were really and truly fond of one another. So I thought Vernon must be really and truly very fond of me, as he kissed me so often. Was it awfully wrong of me, Iris? I couldn't ask Fatma or Ayesha, you see, because they wouldn't know; and if it was wrong, I didn't really mean it."

"No, not wrong, dear," Iris answered, with a spasmodic gulp, "but—but—Oh, Meriem!" And she broke down suddenly, and burst at once into a flood of tears.

Her heart was full almost to bursting. If for one short moment she thought harshly of Meriem, who could blame her? It was surely natural. Was this barefooted Kabyle girl, a mere waif of the mountains, to take away from her at one fell swoop—and of just right, too—everything on earth she most prized and cherished? A month ago, she had never seen Sidi Aia. To-day, she was willing to give up Sidi Aia to Meriem—it was Meriem's own. Had she not indeed come over to Algeria for that very purpose? A fortnight ago she had never seen Vernon Blake. To-day, she could not give up her painter to Meriem without tearing at the very roots and fibres of her heart. Till then, she had never known how deep he had struck. She felt at that moment how profoundly she loved him.

Meriem, gazing at her in blank surprise, read at once the secret the Englishwoman had never yet spoken. "Oh, Iris," the mountain-bred girl exclaimed, flinging herself on her unconscious rival's neck, and bursting in her turn into a flood of hot tears, "I didn't know it; I didn't suspect it. If I had, I would never have spoken to you so. I thought he admired you very much indeed—who could help admiring you? But I didn't think—I didn't think—I didn't think you loved him!"

"Hush," Iris cried, looking round her in alarm. "I never said so, Meriem. I never, never, never said so. Even to myself, I never once said so."

"Has he told you he loves you?" Meriem cried, in suspense.

"No; he has never told me," Iris answered, through her tears. "But—you know how it is; he's let me feel, I suppose—you understand how—not by what he said, or even looked or did, but by what he didn't say, or look, or do, Meriem."

The Kabyle girl rose, and gazed down upon the graceful and delicate English lady very compassionately. Her own soul was all seething within her.

"Iris," she said, slowly, with deep determination, "you have nothing to cry for. Don't break your heart as he's broken mine. He never cared in the least for me. It was all empty, I know it now. I see it at last. He was only amusing himself!"

"Then he had no right to break your heart, dear," the Englishwoman answered, clinging hard to her hand. "He had no right to flirt with you. He had no right to kiss you. I can see how deep the wound has gone. He must marry you, Meriem. You're rich, and he must marry you."

In her passion of self-abnegation, she would give up all. Sidi Aia, and the property, and Vernon Blake, were Meriem's.

"I don't want the money," Meriem answered low, her eyes now dry, and her bosom panting; "but I did want—I did want Vernon."

"You shall have him," Iris repeated. "He must marry you. I'll make him."

Meriem flung herself at her cousin's feet once more, and raising the hem of her dress to her lips, as she had done on the very first morning they met, she cried out, earnestly, "Oh, Iris, you must take him. When I look at you, and think that such a girl as you are is willing to marry him, I wonder I was bold enough ever to dream he could look for a moment at a poor creature like me. Iris, I see it all now as clear as day. I tried for awhile to persuade myself he might, perhaps, really love me. But I know the truth now; and the truth has crushed me. He never, never, never cared at all, in his heart, for me."

"Then why did he kiss you?" Iris cried out, fiercely. "Why did he hold your face so in his hands? Why did he make love to you, and talk to you beautifully? If he didn't mean it, he was using you cruelly, and he shall never marry me, though he asked me on his knees, after acting like that. I shall never take him away from any other woman, who has so much a better claim on him than ever I could have."

Meriem looked down at her own bare feet—that patent symbol of her low estate—in shame and mortification. "I was mad," she said, glancing from her own course hair to Iris's exquisitely-made London dress, "to dream that Vernon could ever think of me, such a girl as I am! I've broken the dream for ever now. I'd crush it down deep in my heart, Iris. For his own sake, even, I'd never clog him with myself. He shall marry you; he shall marry you; I shall make him marry you."

"It's a trial of strength between us, then," Iris cried, in her passion of self-denial. "He was yours first. He shall be yours for ever."



"He was never mine," Meriem answered, sadly. "He shall be yours for ever as he has been, I know now, in my heart of hearts, from the very first moment he ever saw you."

When Uncle Tom emerged from the Amine's cottage, two minutes later, he saw those two girls, as he expressed it himself to Mrs. Knyvett the same afternoon, kissing and crying under a big olive tree, and declaring they loved each other dearer than ever, and behaving for all the world before the eye of the sun like a couple of babies.

But as Uncle Tom and Iris rode away towards St. Cloud once more, in varying moods (for Uncle Tom was elated at the pricking of this bubble) Hussein and Ahmed leaned up against a wall, and puffing slowly at their native cigarettes, watched the hated infidels pull out of the village. "Christian girl" Ahmed said, with a smile to

"She's pretty, the Christian girl," Ahmed said, with a smile to his former foe and rival, Hussein, still toying with his dagger, "and very like Meriem, though a great deal more beautiful. It's a pity she should be thrown away upon a mere infidel."

"Ay," Hussein answered, with a generous wave of the hand towards the bidder he had displaced. "Pretty she is, and fit for a Moslem. You may take Meriem yourself if you like, now, Ahmed. When Allah wills, I shall have the Christian woman."

And that night, alone in her own room, Meriem, sitting by the dim light of a very Roman-looking earthenware lamp, filled with olive oil and a floating wick, laid her hand dubiously on the charm round her neck, and then, with a sudden uncontrollable impulse, unfastening its clasp for the first time in her life . . . opened the metal and looked gravely inside it.

What she saw there she told to no one; but it altered the whole tenour of her life thenceforward.

(To be continued)



THE anonymous author of "Ideala : a Study from Life" (1 vol. E. W. Allen), has brought into the world an entirely original heroine whose acquaintance—we may even say friendship—is well worth making. She is not always good, and she is by no means always wise, either in opinion or in conduct; but she is always straight in thought and noble in heart; while, unlike anybody but herself, taken as a whole, she has points of sympathy for most people; her story is helpful and elevating; and lastly, but by no means least, she is exceedingly amusing. She has both her tragic and her comic sides, and, though no doubt it may look like some want of appreciation for very serious things, we prefer her in comedy, before her life enters into its phase of *Sturm und Drang*. There are plenty of women, both in real life and in fiction, who can struggle bravely through a temptation, and speculate upon social philosophy. But it is by no means every woman who can rise to the sublime humour of hunting for her mislaid pen under "P" in the dictionary, or, at a picture gallery, looking for the number on some other visitor who interested her in order that she might find him in the catalogue. And, at the preliminary part of her story, her sayings are as startling as her actions—one never knows how she is going to turn up next, and one quite understands the peculiar charm she exercised over her circle. The charm is given, not merely described; she becomes a companion always full of pleasant surprises. We fear that we are scarcely giving the idea of an ambitious book. For "Ideala" is a very ambitious book, and, but for its saving grace of humour, might easily have been a heavy and morbid one. We prefer to dwell upon its brightness, not only because that is its distinction among deliberately psychological studies, but because to this will be really due any of the help which it is seriously intended to bring into women's lives. We incline to a belief in its feminine authorship by reason of the failure of the attempts at masculine portraiture; these being at once conventional and ideal. That, however, is in the present case of comparatively little moment. The book is essentially the study of a single character, and we naturally see both men and women with her woman's eyes. And in any case she herself, apart from the value of her experiences and opinions, will not readily be forgotten.

The somewhat limited public which has a taste for German fiction in an English dress will appreciate Paul Heyse's "The Romance of the Canonesa : a Life History" (1 vol. : New York, Appleton and Co.). It is a very favourable specimen of that peculiarly German school which scorns, or rather ignores, construction, and evolves its characters something after the manner of the famous camel. The sentiments are unreal, but not the less consistently imagined ; and the whole work is an admirable and sympathetic description of things that never could have happened, and of people who never could have been. But, as in all the best examples of its class, human nature breaks through the film of cloudy emotion, and is all the more impressive for its rarity. The motive of "The Canonesa" is a silent scene, which might well be commended to an artist for its breadth, suggestiveness, and simplicity : and out of numberless ways in which it could have been led up to and accounted for, that which Paul Heyse has chosen is far from being the best, as being much too complicated, much too far fetched, and altogether wanting in the qualities we have ascribed to the picture. Still it is as far from being the worst ; and nothing is needed for its enjoyment but a taste which almost implies the power of dispensing with the incumbrance of a translator.

"Elfride: a Romance of the Rhineland," by Professor Hansrath (New York: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), requires that a similar taste should have run to seed. It is the story of four stars, who for various reasons, or, rather, for no sort of reason, choose to be born into the world as children, and to whom one thing might just as well have happened as another. Nothing depends on their having been stars, nor does this make them any different from hundreds of other examples of maudlin and incoherent sentimentality. The conclusion of the matter is that two of the stars were drowned, another was sent to a lunatic asylum, and the fourth was left in custody for murder—one of the drowned, a she-star, having previously been struck blind. As a warning to stars, the volume may therefore be useful; indeed, one must be a long way above the clouds to have a chance of making head or tail of their diffuse and inconsequent ramblings.

inconsequent ramblings. "Bertram de Drumont" (1 vol. : Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) forms the most important portion of the literary remains of the late Ella Baker, who died little more than six months ago in her thirtieth year, after having given considerable promise of literary distinction. And at any rate one thing can be gathered from "Bertram de Drumont"—crude as it is, it displays an intelligent taste for the romance of history, and a possession of material, which are very far indeed from belonging to the equipment of lady novelists in general. There is something curiously quaint and old-fashioned about the novel, which is obviously the result of a well-nigh obsolete sympathy with the chivalrous romances of fifty years ago. Evidently Miss Baker took her work seriously; and it is quite possible that, when the inevitable reaction in favour of old-fashioned romance arrives, she, had she lived, might have taken a distinguished place therein. "Bertram de Drumont" shows that

life as a study, and fiction as an art, were still, when it was written, all to learn ; but it also contains plenty of evidence that both would have been learned in due time.

"Kingscote Stories" is another volume of the same series, containing a number of Miss Baker's shorter tales and essays. Many, or rather most, were written for young people, and will no doubt be treasured by many as memorials of a kindly and amiable promise.

## A TRAVELLING SHOWMAN'S LIFE

THE little boy who visits the fair-ground, and gazes with wide-opened eyes and mouth at the glories of the side-shows, is apt to think that the travelling showman's life must necessarily be one of unlimited pleasure and excitement. For, to the mind of youth and inexperience, the grand exterior of one of these wandering temples of Thespis is suggestive of all manner of delight. Look at the gentleman there who plays the "heavy" parts! He struts about the stage as though all the world belonged to him, and as if the hourly consignment of his victims to the deepest dungeons of his castle were something calculated to yield him the most intense enjoyment. His hair is long and curly, and of a raven hue; his golden crown sits jauntily upon it; a fixed scowl is ever on his noble forehead; his arms are always crossed, and his cloak sways gently to and fro as he paces the boards with a step which is something more than a reminiscence of the palmist days of the strictly legitimate. Then the lady who does the heroine! What long, flaxen hair, what an affecting pose, what clasping of hands, what upturned eyes! The schoolboy loses his heart to her at once. She is something more than Sarah Higgins to him; in her he sees no ordinary female, but an enchanted princess, an ethereal being for whom any true knight would peril his heart's best blood. And then the comic gentleman! Look at his nose! See how affectionately he puts out his tongue, and winks his eye at the crowd of nursemaids, who are positively screaming with delight at his antics. Surely, thinks the ordinary juvenile observer, it would be splendid to go about with such delightful people. Their life seems to have a dash of the romantic about it, which is sadly wanting in the commonplace existence of the everyday world. Alas, poor schoolboy! never was a truer proverb made than that which thou has oft written in thy copybook—"All is not gold that glitters." Couldst thou see these magnificent creatures of the side-show when the tinsel dresses are cast aside, the thick paint washed off, the raven and golden locks thrown away to make room for a billycock hat or an untidy bonnet, thy youthful mind would undergo a considerable shock, and thou wouldst shrink with horror at seeing the moody monarch devouring a steak and onions, the fragile princess enjoying a tripe supper, and—greatest blow of all!—the comic gentleman with a most melancholy countenance. And it would be small comfort to thee to tell thee that it is thus with all the things of this world!

Not long ago the writer of these lines had some opportunity of seeing the two sides of a travelling showman's life. He was staying in a certain town on the East Coast where there is held, every autumn, a very famous Fair. This Fair is so great an event that people in that part of England look forward to it for six months of the year, and back to it for the other six months. On the principal day of the Fair everybody, who can by any means do so, flocks into the town and goes through a properly regulated course of sight-seeing. The ground whereon the pleasure Fair is held is a very extensive one, and it is crammed with every species of show, from the famous Only Original Royal Jubilee Theatre from London, Paris, and New York, to the small cage in which a troupe of educated fleas go through truly wonderful antics. This Fair-ground is for five days a very Babel of noise and confusion. Every show has an organ or a hurdy-gurdy. Every show has a great brass gong which is thumped with astonishing vigour whenever a performance is "just a goin' to begin." Every show has a gentleman who stands at the door and displays oratorical powers which would put Demosthenes to shame if he could only come back again. Every show, according to these gentlemen, is the best in the Fair, and it would seem that the only way of deciding as to their respective merits is to pay your money and take your choice of seats in each one. Here is the O.O.R.J.T. from London, Paris, and New York, for instance. It is a vast construction of canvas. The front displays many wonderful productions from the brush of the scenic artist. Here is the strangling of Desdemona by Othello; there the dream of Richard Three I's; here the balcony scene between Romeo and Juliet; there the blood-curdling figure of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep. Beneath these masterpieces the company are parading the stage. There is a "heavy" gentleman, a "first walking" gentleman, a "leading" lady, a comic gentleman, two or three make weights, and a little boy and girl who trip it round the stage to the music of an organ which is blown by steam, and which could give an ordinary German band a long start in a race for discord. A gentleman with a fierce moustache stands at the head of the stairs, and harangues the crowd of rustics below.—"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, walk up! This is the Only Original Royal Jubilee Theatre from London, Paris, and New York, as performed before the Queen, the Royal Family, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, also the President of the United States, and every crowned head of Europe. We are about to present the 'Speck of Blood, or the Mysteries of the Midnight Morgue,' written by one of the most famous dramatic authors of the day. One penny to all parts of the house, and reserved seats for threepence. The reserved seats by the side door. Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen. This is the Only Original, &c., &c." Passing in with the crowd, one finds the Only Original to be a canvas-built enclosure which smells most villainously of sawdust, naphtha, and orange-peel. A rude stage at the far end is adorned with scenery of a nature corresponding to the masterpieces outside. The benches are rough deal, and the only difference between the penny and threepenny portions is that the latter are closer to the footlights. Presently the bell rings, and the company leave the platform outside and rush in to begin. The play is of that description termed thrilling. There are so many murders that nobody is left at the end, and the last act is performed by the spirits of those who have succumbed previously. But the audience is satisfied, and expresses its contentment by vociferous applause when the spirit of the villain is finally dragged down to Hades by the Old Gentleman himself amidst a cloud of red and blue fire.

Strolling round the Fair-ground on one of the quieter evenings of the Fair, the writer got into conversation with the proprietor of the Only Original. It was eleven o'clock, and the merry-makers were departing to their homes. The flaring lights were going out one by one, and the shows were closing. A casual remark or two about the bitterly cold weather, and the offer of a cigar, made the showman communicative, and induced him to invite his new-made acquaintance inside. The writer was nothing loth to accept this invitation, and passed into the disenchanted temple. The lights in the auditorium were out by that time, the front of the show had been shorn of all its moveable glories, and there remained little else than the faint odour of sawdust, oil, and orange-peel, mingled with the aroma of strong tobacco, to remind one of the glories of the day. But behind the scenes a new act in the drama of travelling show life had begun. The two children had just retired to bed inside the caravan, which formed living and sleeping room for the proprietor and his family. The Fairy Princess, Desdemona, Juliet, Lady Macbeth, or whatever she happened to be in the daytime, was busily engaged in cooking a beef-steak and onions over a cheery-looking fire ; the comic gentleman

was making himself useful by spreading out knives and forks on a rough table composed of sundry boards; the first walking gentleman was pouring ale into mugs and glasses; and, altogether, the appearance of the company was decidedly comfortable although common-place. The heavy tragedian was washing himself behind a wing of the stage, he having played what Mr. Crummles called "a faithful black" in the last performance. The other members of the company were looking with longing eyes at the odorous frying-pan, and the youngsters in the turn-up bedstead kept peeping out of the inner door to see what was going on.

The writer, having confided to the agreeable proprietor that he was a "newspaper man," was invited to solve any mysteries which lay behind. He was made free to examine the wardrobe and the scenery, both of which on close examination proved to be of the cheap but useful type. Thus the "togger" of Hamlet was made to do duty for Romeo or any other Shakespearian character, and the drawing-room "set" in one piece served for the lowest dungeon in the castle moat in another. Everything was a practical commentary on the proverb that a little can be made to go a long way if carefully managed and economically treated.

Over his cigar the travelling showman grew communicative. "Ye-es," he observed, in answer to a question, "it's a hardish lie. We knock up and down the country a good deal. We take notice of the principal fairs, statute-hiring fairs, feasts, and so on. Then we try to fit them all into one route. For instance, there's the big statute-hiring fair at G—— next Wednesday. We shall close here on Saturday night and be off perhaps on Sunday. There are three small towns between here and G——, and at two of them we shall stop on Monday and Tuesday nights and give performances. We don't take much in those small towns, but it helps to pay expenses.

"Must have a good outlay? Yes, we have. There's two horses, and they cost a good deal.

"Salaries? Well, we go on the share and share principle here. I have so many shares, and the others so many. If business is good we do pretty well. We always do well in autumn. You see the hiring-fairs are on then, and the lads and lasses have their wages in their pockets.

"Ever played before the Queen? Ha! ha! No, I should guess not. That's all chaff, that is; and, bless you, they like it. Most of 'em never saw any acting except what we give 'em, and they don't know anything about Shakespeare, not they!

"It's a great thing when we can get hold of something out of the way—a 'fat woman,' or a calf with two heads, or a stone man, or anything of that sort. We once had a foal that had five legs, and it drew a lot of money till it died. We had it stuffed, but it didn't do so well after that. You'd be surprised how fond these country folks are of monstrosities. We once had a duck that had two heads, and at P——, an old farmer, came in six times in one day to see it.

"Must get tired of going about? Well, yes, we do sometimes. It's precious hard work in winter. The caravans are warm enough, but sometimes business is bad, and then we don't care much about it. I can tell you I've been sometimes done up to the last penny. That's a nasty fix to be in a strange town, where they look on play-actors as ragamuffins. We're taking a good deal here, but we shall be sure to have some hard times this winter. However, we've got to take good with bad. When we're doing well we enjoy ourselves, when we aren't, why, we grin and bear it."

And with this philosophical utterance ringing in his ears, the writer said good-night to the travelling showman, and left him to enjoy his warm supper in company with the Fairy Princess and her attendant troupe.

J. S. F.



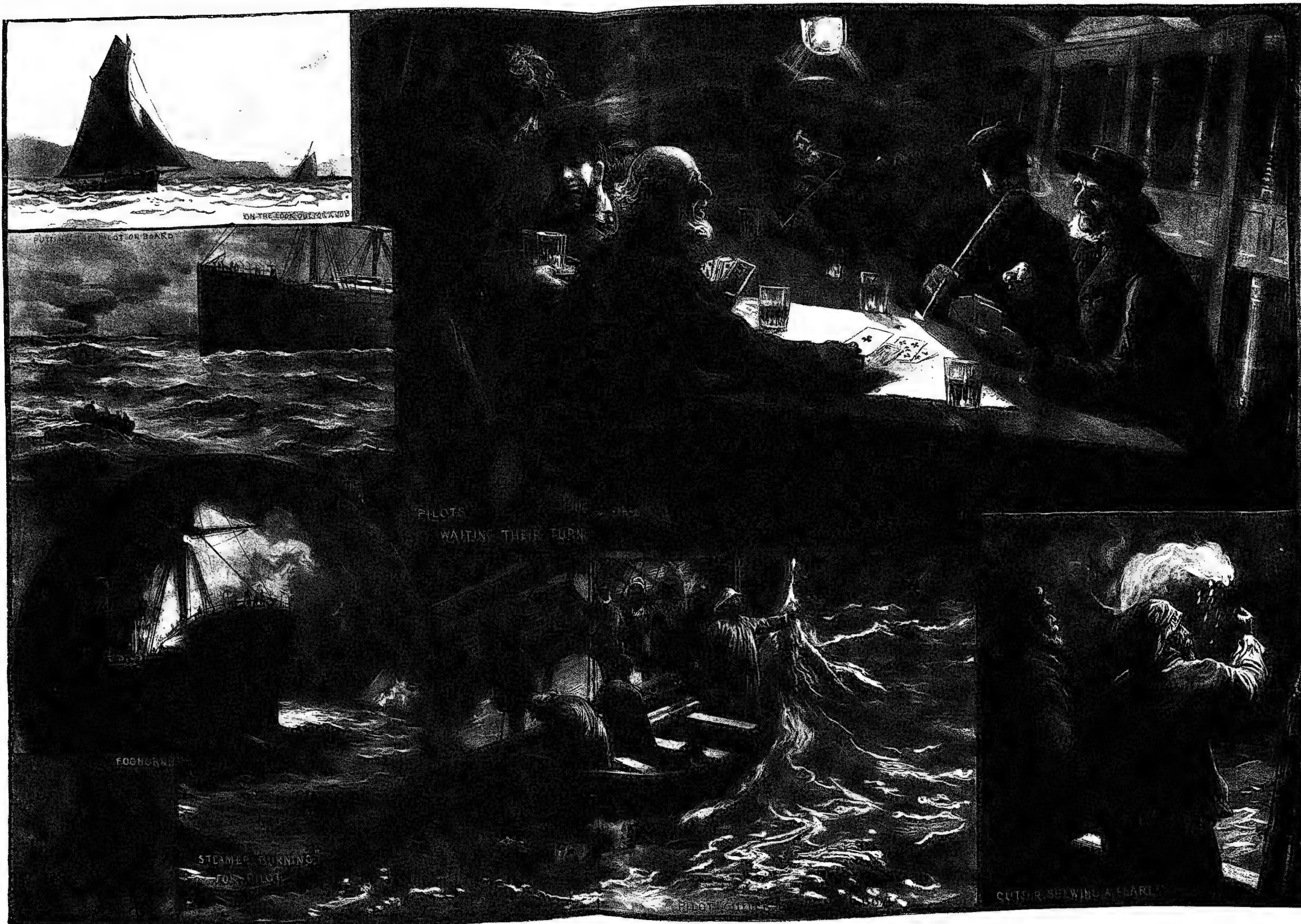
AMONG Mr. M. B. Adams's "Examples of Old English Houses, &c." (Batsford, High Holborn), some have been demolished or restored out of knowledge since the sketches were made. Among the old halls are Blickling, where Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn; South Wraxall, almost as fine as Haddon, which it somewhat resembles, and several of the wood-and-plaster houses so common in Cheshire and Lancashire, such as Speke Hall, Bramhall, &c. Of the old furniture the oak parlour in Derwent Hall, near Sheffield, is the finest example. The fireplace here and the panelling are as good as the massive tables and sideboard. Very good also is the bedstead at Astley Hall, Chorley. Of Mr. Adams's own work the palm must be given to the houses which he built at Double Bay, Australia, and near Sydney, for Messrs. C. and J. Fairfax; though in Crockham Hall, Kent, he has also caught the spirit of his old English models.

spirit of his old English models.

Professor Villari's exhaustive "Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola" (Fisher Unwin), first published twenty-five years ago, is now Englished by his daughter, and dedicated to Mr. Gladstone. In the interval many new documents have been brought to light by Count Capponi and others, and Ranke's work (published in 1877) has pretty well settled the question of the authenticity of the old biographies of Pico and of Burlamacchi. The former, though of no historic value, was written, thinks Ranke, by its reputed author; the latter he takes to be a mere compilation from Pico. This Villari disputes, for reasons given at length in the preface to his new edition, in which also he points out that Savonarola, whom he protests against bringing forward in an attack on the Papacy, was essentially a Catholic, and yet no enemy to the Renaissance: "he yearned for the Christian ideal, and proclaimed that without virtue, self-sacrifice, and moral grandeur man and society must fall to ruin." The early history of Savonarola—his father dawdling through life, his being driven very young into a monastery by getting such a fearful glimpse of the world when he was taken to the Ferrara Palace, is well described. So is the state of Florence under that Lorenzo "whose countenance was a true index to his character; who encouraged all the worst tendencies of the age, and multiplied its corruptions; and whose daily life was made up of rapid transitions from cynical cruelty to intellectual gladiatorship and the lowest debauchery. That he never even pretended to champion virtue and right is a proof of the depravity of the time." Throughout, these volumes bring the Renaissance before us as it never was brought before, not even in the pages of "Romola;" while sometimes, as in the account of the siege, and again when the mob tears Savonarola from his monastery despite the bravery of the young German monk, who cried "Lord, save Thy people" at each blow he struck at the assailants, and again when Savonarola is tortured, the narrative rises to true eloquence. On the matter of Savonarola's hallucinations Professor Villari writes with great sobriety and good sense.

The struggle between Popes and Emperors, between Guelphs and Ghibellines, outlasted the conditions under which it had originated. The Popes had gradually been the gainers. Gregory VII. humiliating Henry IV. at Custozza is a striking contrast to his predecessors under the Othos. The Crusades, thinks Signor Balzani, "gave a new blow to the imperial conception of Universal Power, for by them Christendom was for the first time roused and directed to a great war without the Empire's guidance and co-operation." "The Popes and the Hohenstaufen" (Longmans)





CHANNEL PILOTS AT WORK



traces the temporary supremacy of the Empire under Barbarossa, when the sudden death of Hadrian IV. was followed by the first "schism," a supremacy soon exchanged, when Innocent III. succeeded to the tiara, for disasters which ended in the death of Manfred and the murder of Conradin. The book is one of the best of the "Epochs of Church History;" indeed the simultaneous appearance of two well-written English works by Italian historians is not a little remarkable.

Some of our most interesting literature is made up of "Old Stories Retold;" but Barry O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena" of more than fifty years ago did not need any re-telling. Out it comes, fresh as if it had been bottled up in a phonograph; and, with lives of Sir H. Lowe and of the author, and an introduction of some 90 pp., and several illustrations, followed by some anecdotes by Dr. Antommarchi, O'Meara's successor, and a "Napoleonic Kalendar," it fills two portly volumes as "Napoleon at St. Helena" (Bentley). The whole story is humiliating. The infinitely little never had a better exponent than Sir Hudson Lowe; and the attitude of the Longwood party, natural enough under the circumstances, shows that on this volcanic rock their lives had all got hopelessly out of order. That Napoleon should have had to sell his plate (one day he sent down 500*l.* worth) to buy what he deemed necessities (contractors being allowed to charge him 10*s.* or 12*s.* for a fowl) was a disgrace to the English Executive; and it seems hard that the claret left in the bottles after dinner had to come on next day at lunch. Worse than this was the water supply. Napoleon could not do without his bath, and it was not pleasant to bathe in stuff that reeked of the wine or brandy casks in which it had been stored, while complaints were met by the Governor's churlish remark: "I can't think what he wants stewing in his tub so many hours, while there's not water enough for the regiment to drink." Of course O'Meara was persecuted by John Wilson Croker, "Christopher North," and such like; but the Irish doctor's book bears on it the stamp of truth, and Carlyle's verdict is that of the general public: "since the days of 'Prometheus Bound' there has been no spectacle more moving and sublime. I declare I could almost love the man." More important than the miserable squabbles between Napoleon and his jailor are his views so forcibly given to one whom he fully trusted. What he had meant to do for Spain, for instance, and how during the Hundred Days he had letters from Mina (*sic*) and other guerilla leaders praying for help to drive "the friar" from the throne, are important and suggestive enough to make us put up with all the petty detail which Sir H. Lowe's system made inevitable. It is misleading that in "The Napoleonic" roll of honour you look in vain for Bernadotte; he appears as Prince of Ponte Corvo, without any cross reference.

With the help of Dr. Gaster and of the Chief Rabbi of the London Spanish and Portuguese Jews, Miss E. M. Harris, author of "Estelle," &c., &c., has written a "Narrative of the Holy Bible" (Trübner), of a very different calibre from most of the too-numerous books of the kind. But, acknowledging at the outset that "the worth and truth of the Bible consist in its humanity; no hero without blemish, none perfect," she might well have accentuated the contrast between Saul dying a hero's death on the hill-side of Gilboa and David in the camp of the Philistines. For Vashti, too, despite Princess Ida's epithet, she has not a word of praise. The very disappointing chapter on "Immortality" only tells us that "Immortal and everlasting are the poetical and prophetic books of the Holy Bible."

Part XXVIII. of the "History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster" (Heywood, Manchester and London), completes Vol. II. It contains, as usual, much old-world lore. For instance, in Great Lever Hall, a good specimen of half-timbered (maggie) style, Bishop Bridgman put in four coats of arms—the Levers, with motto, *Olim*; the Ashtons, *Heri*; his own, *Hodie*; the fourth blank, with the words, *Cras nescio cujus*. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. John Harland, a name conspicuous just now in Belfast.

A writing-lesson is for most children a painful ordeal. The body is screwed side-way against the desk; the hand will persist in assuming a position which the master cries out against as "like a bird's claw." It would be interesting to know when the sloping style, till lately almost universal, superseded the much more legible writing of earlier times. In ladies' schools the fashion reigned supreme; and yet among the ladies of the generation now passing away the reaction began to which Mr. Jackson has given definite shape in "Vertical Writing Copybooks" (Sampson Low). We wish the movement success, for his copies are eminently legible; and, though the object of speech may be to hide our ideas, the first requisite of writing is legibility. Mr. Jackson's "U. P." pens seem hard to those accustomed to quill nibs and "J's."

Vol. XVII. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith and Elder) is mainly historical, containing all the Edwards, most of them by the Rev. W. Hunt, and Elizabeth by Dr. Jessopp. In this last the editor has allowed a mis-statement which it would have been as well to correct. Dr. Jessopp says Shane O'Neil was killed "in a characteristic Irish brawl or massacre." History says Shane was murdered by the Scots at the instigation of an Englishman, Sir W. Piers. Whether or not Scot and Irish are ethnologically the same, the words have nowadays in common use widely different meanings. Among many interesting minor lives we may note that of Elliston, the actor, by Mr. J. Knight; and Mr. Russell Barker's sketch of "that ancient placeman, Welbore Ellis, Lord Mendip." Mr. Morse Stephens has a difficult subject in King Ernest of Hanover, "illustrious only by courtesy," said Lord Brougham, the persistent opposer of every reform, who quarrelled with the Queen about the Hanover jewels, and refused to be present at her marriage. He did help to suppress the Orange Societies when, in 1833, their disloyalty had become notorious; and the fact that such a ruler should have carried to his grave "the tears of all the Hanoverians" is the strongest possible argument against that absenteeism from which Hanover had previously suffered for a century and a half.

M. Bonvalot must have been brought up on undiluted Châteaubriand and Lamartine and other French travellers of the romantic sort. The reaction from such fare would account for the excessive jauntiness with which he takes us "Through the Heart of Asia" (Chapman and Hall), "over the roof of the world," and across the snows of the Pamir. This jauntiness has its charm (a good deal lost, by the way, even in the best translation; and Mr. C. B. Pitman is excellent); but it is disappointing to be pulled up short with a joke when one expects something about habits and manners, or plants or animals. About one thing M. Bonvalot does gush—the reciprocal affection between French tourists and Russian officials. By them everywhere he is received with effusion. For his getting across the Pamir, by a route scarcely likely to commend itself to an invader, he had to thank General Karalkoff. The Afghans, on the other hand, stopped him on the Hindu Kush; and for seven weeks he had to wait our Viceroy's leave to go forward. At last he got round to Simla by way of Kashmir, and was well received and hospitably entertained by Lord and Lady Dufferin. M. Bonvalot breaks new ground; and his numerous illustrations are charming. One wonders how in such a climate he could make such effective sketches as those of his camping out on the Pamir.

We trust no one will be repelled by the prim, and slightly archaic, style of the Rev. T. G. Clark's "Christianity, East and West" (Hodder and Stoughton). The book really deserves careful reading. We have seldom met such clear insight into national character, combined with a breadth of thought and a wide charity

little less than wonderful in a Scot of Bute. The Duke of Argyll is eloquent, if unconvincing, on the mischief that isolation did to the Gael of the Isles. It certainly had an opposite effect on our author. He had the Scot's longing for travel—the *perfidivum ingenium*, which sent out so many from both the Scotias, some as missionaries like Columbanus, some, like the Admirable Crichton, as apostles of culture. His first journey was made in College days; and he went "as learner, searcher after truth, lover of holy and charitable sentiments, a citizen of the world, exploring it for wisdom and refreshments, often finding both," and assuredly bringing both to those who ment, often finding both." These extend through Eastern Europe to the Holy Land, and back by way of Italy. Everywhere Mr. Clark manages to combine fresh, lively descriptions of what he saw (and he saw with quite other eyes than those of the ordinary tourist), with comments on the religious life of these different countries. More than once the traveller is moneyless—in starting, thanks to a pickpocket at Berlin; and again, in crossing France on his way home. His testimony, that of most who have travelled in France *in formâ pauperis*, is of "countless kindnesses," ending with a lift given him from Abbéville to Montreuil. The book is thus, as it were, two in one—the descriptions have the freshness of youth, the reflections and comparisons, *e.g.*, of the Greek Church and the Anglican High Church, &c., come from the mature mind of one who, having laboured for a quarter of a century in Odessa, and living now in Graetz, can speak with authority about divers religions and their effect on divers races. We heartily recommend the book.

"Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell (J. W. Arrow-smith, Bristol). This is a very bright, readable, crisply-written little volume, and is altogether an improvement on the author's "John Bull and His Island," which first won him literary fame. That "Jonathan" is a better-tempered book than "John Bull" may be partly due to the fact that Frenchmen feel more sympathetic with Americans than they do with Britishers, and partly also because M. Blouet (Max O'Rell) gained his impressions of England as a French teacher, whereas he visited America as a celebrity who had been invited to lecture there. There is a vast deal of amusing and interesting information packed into his lively pages, and he faithfully follows Horace's invaluable maxim, *Ne quid nimis*. He always knows when to leave off. Railway officials and hotel female servants excepted, whom he charges with an almost universal incivility, his estimate of the Americans is decidedly favourable, yet he himself frankly admits that a society where men grudge ten minutes for lunch, and where the women's chief ambition is to bedizen themselves with diamonds scarcely reaches a philosopher's ideal of perfection.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Foremost amongst a group of cantatas from this firm is "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," arranged and adapted from Sir Walter Scott's beautiful poem which bears that title, by James M'Cunn, the music composed for, and inscribed to, The Glasgow Choral Union by Hamish M'Cunn. This clever and dramatic work has already made a favourable impression upon the public, and will be heartily welcomed in this octavo edition.—"A Poet's Love," a cycle of songs, words by Heine, music by Schumann. In this collection of sixteen songs will be found many gems, both from poet and composer. Lady Macfarren has edited and translated the poems with her usual ability and taste.—Two of the latest issues of "Novello's Original Octavo Edition" are "Damon and Pythias," a dramatic cantata for male voices (soli and chorus) and orchestra, the libretto by R. W. Wood, music by E. Prout, and "Roland's Horn," a cantata, words by Alfred Muth, translated from the German by the Rev. W. T. Southward (Mus. Bac., Cam.), music by F. W. Markull; this work is also for male voices. The first-named cantata is the more important of the two, but both serve their part well where many young men and boys are gathered together.—Of "Novello's Tonic Sol-Fa Series" we have a goodly selection of *Te Deums* and *Jubilates* by well-known composers of Church music, from No. 602 to 614 they will be found; for schools and choirs, where the Tonic Sol-Fa system is adopted, this well-chosen dozen will prove very useful. The remaining numbers (to 621) are some sacred, and others secular.—No. 212 of "The Orpheus" (New Series) is "Come Fill Ye Right Merrily," a bacchanalian part-song for male voices, written and composed by W. Ball and C. E. Stephens; a very jovial ditty.—"For Home and Liberty," a chorus for men's voices, written and composed by W. V. Harnett and John Acton, Mus. Bac., will please at a popular concert, or after a mess-dinner.—Of the same cheerful type is a carol for Christmas-tide, "Ring Out Through Every Nation," words by H. Bright, music by F. J. Withers. Although out of season, this carol may be sung at a miscellaneous concert.—The editor of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* was evidently determined to make a good start with the New Year's number, Part LXXXI., Vol. XI., of that excellent publication. It opens with a masterly "Concluding Voluntary," by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, B.A., Mus. Doc.—This is followed by a smoothly-written "Andante," by Jacob Bradford, Mus. D., Oxon; after which we have "Two Postludes, March, and Fugato," which we learn, from a note by the editor, "was probably this esteemed composer's last work." In the preface to this number we are told to expect contributions, in the course of the year, from several eminent composers, as well as those from unknown aspirants for fame.—Nos. 108 and 109 of "Original Compositions for the Organ" are "Toccata in D minor," by W. G. Wood (a capital piece for a secular concert or recital), and a striking, well-written "Introduction and Variations on a Ground Bass," by Battison Haynes.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

ALL lovers of the sights and sounds of rustic nature will welcome a fresh volume of song, "Love's Widowhood, and Other Poems" (Macmillan), from Mr. Alfred Austin, who has been not inappropriately styled "the poet-laureate of the English Spring." In the work which gives the chief title to the book, Autumn supplies the background to the gentle and tender love story whose thought and feeling harmonise with the season of the fall, whose every pleasant mood, in leaf and fruit and sky, is felicitously described in five-lined stanzas, melodiously terminating in hexameters. As Mr. Austin tells us:—

Now I who oft have carolled of the Spring,  
Must chant of Autumn and the dirgeful days;  
Of windless dawns enveiled in dewy haze,  
Of cloistered evenings when no sweet birds sing  
But every note of joy hath trooped and taken wing.

The story is of an unconventional love, where the fair heroine mourns loyally what has been lost to her through a rare independence of soul, till the poet comes to console and replace the old idol. She relates her previous life-history with a freedom which, in prose, might disturb some severe censors; but in Mr. Austin's verse is very charming. She is long in picturing her past woe to

her late autumn-tide conquest, and bravely she excuses what might be deemed her fault:—

At least I loved: not loved as women do.  
Who weigh their hearts in nicely-balanced scale  
Careful lest gift should over gain prevail;  
But no more dreaming those should bribe who woo,  
Than ringdove in the copse that answers coo with coo.

The chivalrously frank manner in which the hero accepts the heroine's tragic story is very delicately, yet forcefully, told. Throughout, the whole poem, too, is crowded with pictures of a charming country-side, which one would desire to linger in the memory. We should willingly cite some of these, but must be content with one stanza on the dwelling which is the centre of the scene, and a photogravure of which stands for a frontispiece:—

The cottage where she dwelt was long and low,  
With sloping red-tiled roof and gabled front,  
And timbered eaves that broke the weather's brunt.  
Ask you its age and date? None cared to know,  
Save 'twas that goodly time when men call Long Ago.

Of the other verse, it may be sufficient to say here that it will not disappoint Mr. Austin's many friends; indeed, much of it has already on a previous appearance met with favourable criticism. The volume is prefaced by a musical "Dedication," fused with the poet's warm love of the Italian landscape, addressed to Lady Windsor.

Through accident, a pleasant little volume of poems, "Woodland and Dreamland" (Griffith and Farran), by "Rowe Lingston," has remained unnoticed till now. In "The Bird of Passage" the author shows no small imaginative gift in throwing himself into the emotion of the thronging birds when they act on their autumn impulse to be away to a fresh and safer clime. A bird tells the dreaming maiden, in lines full of swing, and the fire and passion of happy movement, the tale of the winged migration. So we have the flight at night, from which we may take this:—

Naught stirred but the shifting forms of the clouds ever gliding along  
Save the steady rush of our wings, no sound from earth or sky;  
Save the warning notes of our leaders as they marshalled our spreading throng;  
Save the far-off noise of the sea, and the sea-fowl's desolate cry.

There is scarcely a poem in the volume which may not be read with pleasurable appreciation, and "Woodland and Dreamland" appears to us the work of a poet of whom a Latin writer sententiously observed *Nascitur, non fit*.

In "Glanua, and Other Poems" (Kegan Paul), by William Larminie, we have in stirring verse past episodes in Celtic legendary history recalled. The poet has great command of language and versification, and his promise is distinctly good.

Mr. F. A. H. Eyles is engaged very usefully in editing "Popular Poets of the Period," which are being published in sixpenny numbers by Messrs. Griffith and Farran. Each number contains our or five biographies of living versifiers, with certain of their poems judiciously selected.

## The History of a Slave

(Continued from page 336)

had just been admitted, we had to prepare the food, and cook for the bigger boys; and often these elder ones beat us, and the Ngaŋga seldom interfered, saying that beating was good for the young. Once when I forgot the rule about speaking in the common language, one of my companions hit me such a blow on the head with his club that for some time I did not know where I was, but the next day, when we were out hunting, I shot him in the back with an arrow, so that he was sick long afterwards, and this I said I would do to any one who struck me again; and after this the bigger boys did not treat me so harshly. When I had been some eight days in this place, I, together with several others of my age, were circumcised by the Ngaŋga.

After this we who had run naked hitherto made ourselves skirts of palmfronds, and painted ourselves red and white, like the other boys. Now we were considered to be men, and we each received a new name. I, who had been called "Mvu" hitherto (which means "dog"), was named "Mitwo," which means "big head." And like the others I began to learn the new language, which was different from the one we commonly talked, though it was made chiefly by turning the words the wrong way: thus instead of "Nŋgu" (stone), we said "oŋgu." Sometimes in our walks abroad we met people of our town, and were told that if we spoke to any one who did not belong to the "Ndoge"—as our brotherhood was called—"Epfumo" would kill us; moreover, we had the power to beat and wound any women who got in our way, and wherever we heard people approaching we always made the noise "Drrr," so that they might get out of our way. All this time the Ngaŋga would visit us once a day and tell us many things, and hold with us much curious conversation that I may not repeat to you. Every now and then the bigger boys were leaving our enclosure and coming not back, and when I asked where they were gone, I was told that they had left for another place where they must learn the last things the Ngaŋga had to teach them. And when it came to my turn to go, the Ngaŋga had a piece of goat's skin tied over my face, so that I could not see, and led me by the hand for some distance through the bush, telling me always that if I pushed aside the goat's skin and looked at the road I was going "Epfumo" would kill me, and at last we stopped, and he bade me go down on my hands and knees, and then pushed me through a narrow place between some branches, and when I got through he made me stand up and took the goat's-skin off my eyes, and then I heard loud voices and girls' laughter, and when I looked round I saw many young girls painted with red and white, and with the palm-leaf skirts, and with them were some of the older boys who had left our enclosure. And at first I felt silly, for the girls laughed and jeered at me; but the medicine man bade me be of good courage, and heed not what they said, as I was now a man. And in this place where I sojourned some twenty days I learnt *al ma'arifah an-nikah*; and when this time was over the Ngaŋga again put the goat's-skin over my face and led me away along devious paths for about the space of an hour. And then, when we had stopped, he removed the goat's-skin from my face and said to me, "Now go to this brook and wash all the red and white paint from thy body, and cast away thy skirt of palm-leaves. Then follow this path, and it will take thee back to the town, where thou canst return to thy father's house. Tell all that thou meetest that thy new name is 'Mitwo.' Speak no word of all that thou hast seen and done during these months that thou hast been in the 'Ndoge,' or assuredly 'Epfumo' will kill thee. And suffer that no man call thee by the name of thy childhood, or it will bring thee misfortune." And after this I returned to the town and entered my father's compound, where my mother and Ngwi rejoiced greatly to see me back, and gave me a goat and plantains and ground nuts, wherewith to make a feast with my friends.

Wallah! how I have talked to you to-day. See, you are weary; you open your mouth in big yawns. I have said enough to-day. Let me go my way about my master's business, and I will come to you again in the morning.

(To be continued)



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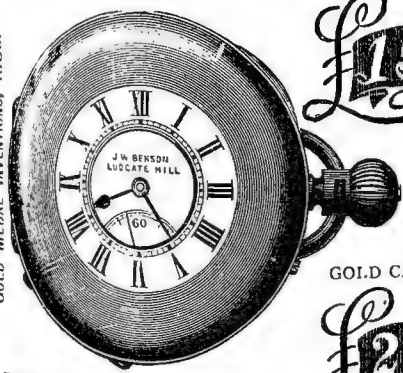
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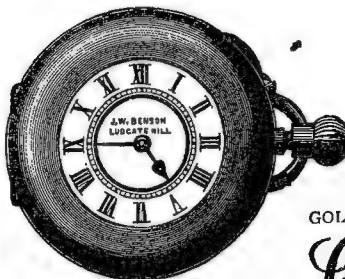
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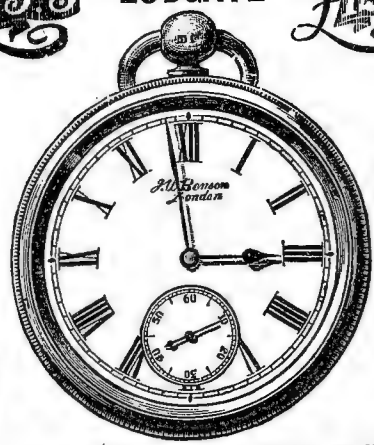
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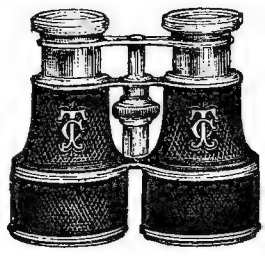
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# THE LATE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

BORN NOVEMBER 16, 1811

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

DIED MARCH 27, 1889

THE GREAT STATESMAN AND ORATOR, whose loss the whole of the English-speaking race mourns to-day, was pre-eminently a man of the people. Born in their ranks, he remained true to their interests throughout his long and honourable career. The Bright family were originally settled in Wiltshire, but one Abraham Bright left that county in 1714, and took up his abode at Foleshill, in Warwickshire. A great-grandson of his, Jacob Bright, who had learned the trade of a hand-loom weaver, migrated to the neighbourhood of Rochdale in 1802. He turned his attention to cotton-spinning, and the business which he founded became, in the hands of his sons, one of the most prosperous and extensive in the district. For generations the Brights had been members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, and Mr. John Bright, having inherited their principles, further established them in his own case by sincere and earnest conviction. "True as the dial to the sun," uprightness and conscientiousness were his leading characteristics, and they were apparent in all the relations of life—private, social, commercial, and political.

Mr. Bright was born at Greenbank, near Rochdale, November 16th, 1811. Having been educated at a Friends' School, at Ackworth, and subsequently at York and Newton, he entered upon a business career in his father's factory before he was sixteen years of age. Yet he early, also, took note of public affairs, and he was strangely excited in 1830 by the election contest at Preston between the late Lord Derby and "Orator Hunt." His first speech of note, however, was made in connection with a series of lectures delivered at Rochdale on the East, by Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, co-founder of the *Athenæum*. He then spoke frequently at temperance meetings, and soon acquired considerable reputation as an orator, though not without much preparation in the way of writing out and committing his speeches to memory. In 1833, and again in 1835, he travelled upon the Continent, visiting Greece, Egypt, and Palestine. It was in the latter year that he made the acquaintance of Richard Cobden, afterwards his closest and most intimate friend. The education of the working-classes was the subject which brought them together—a fitting commencement to one of the most memorable of political friendships.

The great Free Trade struggle drew Cobden and Bright together in indissoluble bonds. Neither of them was an original member of the Anti-Corn Law Association, formed at Manchester in 1838, but when, at Cobden's suggestion, the title of this organisation was changed to that of the National Anti-Corn Law League, Mr. Bright's name appeared second on the list of the Provisional Committee. While taking an interest in this, and other questions, however, and especially in those of Capital Punishment and Church Establishments—to both of which he was strongly opposed—Mr. Bright was "diligent in business," advancing the interests of his firm, but never forgetting the welfare of his workpeople in his own. In November, 1839, he married Elizabeth Priestman, the eldest daughter of Mr. Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. At this time he took a prominent part in the affairs of his native town, and amongst other borough questions in which he actively intervened was that of Church-rates. He headed a revolt against their local levy, and, after a warm contest, secured their practical abolition in Rochdale. Gradually, but to a great extent unwittingly, he was preparing himself to assume a conspicuous position in a wider sphere.

As we learn from Mr. Barnett-Smith's authentic biography of Mr. Bright, it was a touching incident which caused the deceased statesman to throw himself heart and soul into the great Free Trade controversy. Mrs. Bright died in the year 1841, and was buried in the graveyard belonging to the Friends at Rochdale. When this heavy bereavement fell upon him Mr. Bright was at Leamington. Mr. Cobden was also there, visiting some relations. He went to see Mr. Bright, and the latter thus, with simple pathos, afterwards described the interview: "I was in the depth of grief, I might almost say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life, and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called on me as my friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time, he looked up and said, 'There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn Law is repealed.' From this time forward the two friends pursued their object with untiring zeal. The Tory gentlemen of England found that Mr. Bright, while a Quaker and a man of peace, was one of the hardest hitters and most formidable antagonists that had ever ascended a public platform. Cobden was great on facts and invincible in logic, but Bright was overwhelming in his earnestness and eloquence. By every conceivable method and plan of demonstration, they showed that the Corn Laws were ruining the country, and keeping the great bulk of the people on the verge of starvation; and during their memorable campaign they traversed most of the English counties. It was felt that Mr. Bright ought to have a seat in the House of Commons; and after an unsuccessful contest at Durham in March, 1843, he was returned for that city in the following July. It was a signal triumph, and the new member's career in the House was watched with great interest. When he rose to deliver his maiden speech in favour of a reduction of the Customs' Duties, members saw a man of about the middle size, rather firmly and squarely built, with a fair, clear complexion, and an intelligent and pleasing expression of countenance. His voice was good, his enunciation distinct, and his delivery free from any unpleasant peculiarity or mannerism. Almost immediately he acquired the reputation of a powerful and effective speaker. After several years of agitation the Battle of the League was practically won by Cobden and Bright. At the close of 1845 Sir Robert Peel was convinced, by the Irish famine and other

cogent arguments, of the justice of the views advocated by the Free Traders, and in the Session of 1846 he abolished the Corn Laws.

The next great controversy which arose in the country sprang out of the wrongs of the factory operatives. The "good" Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, took up the cause, and brought forward his Ten Hours' Bill in the House of Commons. Mr. Bright opposed this legislation, and, in consequence, suffered a temporary diminution in popularity with the working classes. Among those who petitioned in favour of the Bill were his own workpeople, and Lord Ashley's measure was eventually carried after many acrimonious debates in the House. Mr. Bright maintained that workmen and their employers should be left entirely free to regulate their mutual relations. As he observed, subsequently, he opposed the Ten Hours' Bill, because he did not consent that Parliament should interfere to close the manufactories for two hours per day. If he erred, he said, he erred in ignorance and not in intention, but he was still ready to maintain his opinion. Mr. Bright's attitude was much misrepresented, and he was charged by his political opponents with being a tyrant to his workpeople. Though his position on the general question was to be regretted, this accusation against him was most unfounded and unjust. He ever maintained the kindest relations with his workpeople, and on several occasions they spontaneously testified, by presentations and otherwise, to their sense of his uniform kindness and devotion to their physical and higher interests. In June, 1847, Mr. Bright was married to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, daughter of Mr. W. Leatham, of Wakefield, an eminent West-Riding banker. By this lady he had seven

Earl of Clarendon said, that England "drifted into war." Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden became for a time very unpopular for their uncompromising attitude: but they persevered in their course, losing no opportunity to condemn the war. Mr. Bright was especially eloquent in his denunciations, and in a memorable speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 23rd of February, 1855, he censured the further prosecution of the war. Having alluded most impressively to the slaying of the first-born in Egypt, he spoke of the Angel of Death as having been abroad throughout England, "taking his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottages of the poor and the lowly." All his appeals were of no avail, however, and the war went forward. Ill-health, brought on by overwork, caused Mr. Bright to tender his resignation to his Manchester constituents, but it was declined, though he was obliged to retire from Parliament for a time. He went abroad, and during his absence from England, in 1857, Lord Palmerston's Government was defeated on the Chinese Question. The Prime Minister appealed to the country, and at the ensuing elections, Mr. Bright—who agreed with Mr. Cobden's views on British interference in China in the affair of the *Arrow*—was again supported by his friends at Manchester. But Lord Palmerston was then extremely popular in the country, and both Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were defeated at the polls. Birmingham, nevertheless, elected Mr. Bright in August, 1857, and from that year until his death he remained one of the representatives for the Midland capital. He was accorded a warm welcome on his return to the House of Commons. In the Session of 1858, Mr.

Bright seconded a vote of censure upon Lord Palmerston's Ministry, in connection with the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, which was aimed at French political refugees, and alleged to have been introduced at the instigation of the Emperor Napoleon. Lord Palmerston was defeated, and resigned office. Lord Derby's Government, which succeeded, brought in a Bill for the Abolition of the East India Company, and the transference of the Government of India to the Crown. This and other Indian reforms had long been urged by Mr. Bright, and he now assisted in carrying the Ministerial measure. During the next few years he supported Mr. Gladstone's great Budgets, defending his action in regard to the abolition of the Paper Duty, and cordially approving of the Commercial Treaty with France.

Next to the Corn Laws, Parliamentary Reform was the most prominent subject of legislation with which Mr. Bright's name will be historically identified. It was agitated during the year 1859, Mr. Bright being its leading and most indefatigable advocate. Before it was settled, however, English statesmen passed through a period of considerable anxiety in consequence of the outbreak of the American Civil war. Several leaders of political opinion in England hastened to congratulate the South as a new nation, but Mr. Bright energetically supported the cause of the North, although his own business and the whole of the Lancashire cotton district suffered severely from the scarcity of cotton which resulted from the war. This very scarcity justified his statesmanlike foresight, when, upwards of fifteen years before, he had urged India as a source of cotton supply upon the Government. Under the lead of Mr. Bright the Lancashire cotton-spinners bravely endured their privations, and expressed their warm sympathy with the North in its struggle against slavery. When the war closed, Mr. Bright was almost the only English politician of the first rank who saw his hopes and predictions realised; and he rejoiced greatly at the overthrow of that system in the United States which had called forth his strongest opposition. Cobden's death, in April, 1865, caused Mr. Bright poignant anguish, and he was unable to add more than a few sentences to the tributes paid to that distinguished man by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons; but his words, though few, were eloquent with emotion. The agitation for Reform was renewed at the close of 1865; meetings were held in London and all the chief centres of population, and Mr. Bright was unremitting in his labours for the enfranchisement of the working-classes. In the Session of 1866, Mr. Gladstone introduced his Reform Bill, but it was defeated, owing to the defection of a number of Liberals, whom Mr. Bright happily stigmatised as *Adullamites*, from their having formed a "cave" under the leadership of Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe. Ministers resigned on the loss of their measure, and Mr. Bright now appeared at Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, and other towns, demanding a new Reform Bill. He also visited Ireland, and was entertained at a banquet in the capital. In the Session of 1867 Mr. Disraeli brought forward the Conservative Reform scheme. Great alterations were effected in it, owing to the action of the Liberal leaders, and, as it ultimately passed, it embodied many of the principles for which Mr. Bright had long contended, including household suffrage in the boroughs. It was chiefly due to his instigation that the whole basis of the electoral representation was largely extended.

With Parliamentary Reform out of the way, Irish questions again came to the front. Mr. Bright complained that there had been no statesmanship shown in dealing with Ireland. In 1866, he formulated a plan for a farmer-proprietorship in Ireland, and declared religious equality to be a necessity. Mr. Gladstone came into power in 1868, and offered Mr. Bright the Presidency of the Board of Trade, which, after considerable hesitation, he accepted. He had always been described by his opponents as a statesman of very extreme views, but the alarm which he had caused to a great extent now subsided, when it was realised that he was progressive without being revolutionary, and statesmanlike without being destructive. He gave powerful support by his fervid eloquence to the Irish Church Disestablishment measure. Mr. Bright's speech was the finest oratorical effort in the course of the debate on the Second Reading. Remarkable all through for its great power and earnestness, it wonderfully moved the House. Referring to Lord Stanley's emphatic declaration at a political banquet at Bristol that "Ireland was the question of the hour," he said he

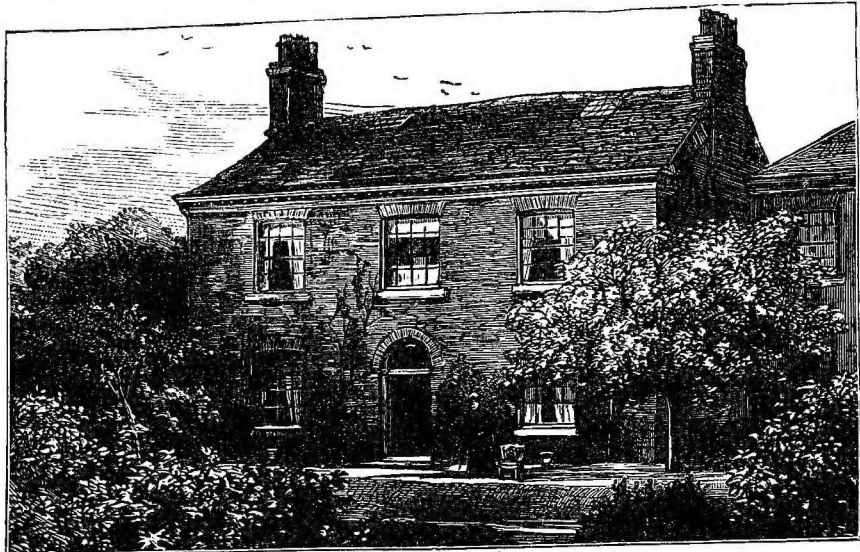


MR. JOHN BRIGHT AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-TWO  
From a Drawing by C. A. Du Val

children, and one of his sons, Mr. W. L. Bright, is a well-known Member of Parliament. By his first union, Mr. Bright had an only child, a daughter, who is married to Mr. W. S. Clark, of Street, in Somersetshire. On the 29th of July, 1847, Mr. Bright was returned as one of the three Members for Manchester. He now turned his attention to the condition of Ireland, and, as one remedy for the many evils afflicting that unfortunate country, recommended the application of the principles of Free Trade to land. He also advocated the disestablishment of the Irish Church, thus anticipating by twenty years Mr. Gladstone's great measure. He further visited Ireland, making himself personally acquainted with the people and their needs, and at a later period he received addresses on the Irish question, and fully discussed this important subject in a letter to Dr., afterwards Sir John, Gray, M.P. India likewise received a large share of his attention, and he urged upon the Government the expediency of examining the resources of our Eastern Dependency, and of securing from that country a supply of cotton. Ministers took no steps in that matter, but the Manchester Chamber of Commerce instituted an inquiry which led to further action in the same direction.

War was always repugnant to Mr. Bright, and early in his career he proposed International Arbitration as a substitute, and spoke at several Peace Congresses held in furtherance of this object. In the House of Commons he was a strong opponent of increased armaments. When the shadow of a terrible conflict, the Crimean War, hung over Europe in 1853, he earnestly deprecated the panic which ensued, and sought, but in vain, to check the war fever in England. Almost all classes of the community were enthusiastic for the fray, and the result was, as the





GREENBANK, ROCHDALE, BIRTHPLACE OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

was not sure that since Belshazzar's Feast there had been any announcement more startling, more solemn, or more calculated to disturb the merriment of a great and joyous gathering. Lord Mayo, too, had admitted that there was an Ecclesiastical grievance in Ireland. Answering Mr. Disraeli's contention that the Establishment was a protector of freedom of religion and toleration, Mr. Bright excited the House to cheers and laughter by remarking that Mr. Disraeli seemed to read a different history from anybody else, or that he made his own history, and, like Voltaire, made it better without facts than with them. Regarded in every light, the Establishment had failed completely. It had made Ireland not only the most Catholic, but the most Roman of countries, and it had made Catholicism not only a religion, but a patriotism, for which multitudes of Irishmen were ready to die; and as to binding England and Ireland together, it had done that as soldiers and police had done it, and no more. The Bill, Mr. Bright urged, was put forward by the Government as the means of creating a real and solid Union, and of removing Irish discontent, not only in Ireland, but across the Atlantic. Already the Irish in Australia and America were watching the proceedings of Parliament with intense interest; and though emigration would continue, the Irish would leave us no longer as enemies. By way of encouragement to the disestablished Irish Church, Mr. Bright referred to what had been accomplished since 1843 by the Free Church of Scotland, which had gone forth without anything, and had yet built 900 churches, 650 manse, 500 schools, 3 theological colleges, and 2 training institutions. Mr. Bright closed with a peroration which has never been surpassed in the House of Commons, either for its simple grandeur or for the effect which it produced upon the auditors. "Do you think it will be a misappropriation of the surplus funds of this great Establishment," he urged, "to apply them to some objects such as those described in the Bill? Do you not think that from the charitable dealing with these matters even a sweeter income may arise than when these vast funds are applied to maintain three times the number of clergy with which they are connected? We can do little, it is true. We cannot relume the extinguished lamp of reason. We cannot make the deaf to hear. We cannot make the dumb to speak. It is not given to us

From the thick film to purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eyeballs pour the day;

but at least we can lessen the load of affliction, and we can make life more tolerable to the vast numbers who suffer. Sir, when I look at this great measure—and I can assure the House I have looked at it much more than the majority of hon. and right hon. members opposite, because I have seen it grow from line to line, and from clause to clause, and have watched its growth and its completion with a great and increasing interest—I say, when I look at this measure I look on it as tending to a more true and solid union between Ireland and Great Britain. I see it giving tranquility to our people, greater strength to the realm, and adding new lustre and a new dignity to the Crown. I dare claim for this Bill the support of all thoughtful and good people within the bounds of the British Empire, and I cannot doubt that in its early and great results it will have the blessing of the Supreme; for I believe it to be founded on those principles of justice and mercy which are the glorious attributes of His eternal reign."

This noble conclusion to a speech peculiarly distinguished for its moral fervour and earnestness drew forth warm applause from both sides of the House. Mr. Bright had touched the higher feelings of members in a way they had perhaps never been touched before, certainly not since his own condemnation of the Crimean War. The second reading of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Bill was carried by 368 to 250 votes, and the remainder of its triumphant progress is matter of history.

Mr. Bright was unable, owing to illness, to participate in the debates on the Irish Land Act and the Elementary Education Act. After a stay of six months at his favourite watering-place, Llandudno, he resigned office in December, 1870, as he saw no hope of taking part in the work of the following Session. When he next appeared in the House of Commons, in April, 1872, it was seen how his fine countenance had been ravaged by the severe illness through which he had passed.

him, and upon his resignation Mr. Gladstone again became Premier. Mr. Bright returned to his old office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In the Session of 1881 he spoke in favour of the Ministerial Land Bill for Ireland. The object of this important measure, which passed into law on the 23rd of August, was to give adequate security of possession to the Irish tenantry, at rents not excessive or unreasonable, and to give them also, by the free right of assignment or sale of their holdings, the value of improvements made by them, which had hitherto in too many cases been absorbed by the owners of the soil.

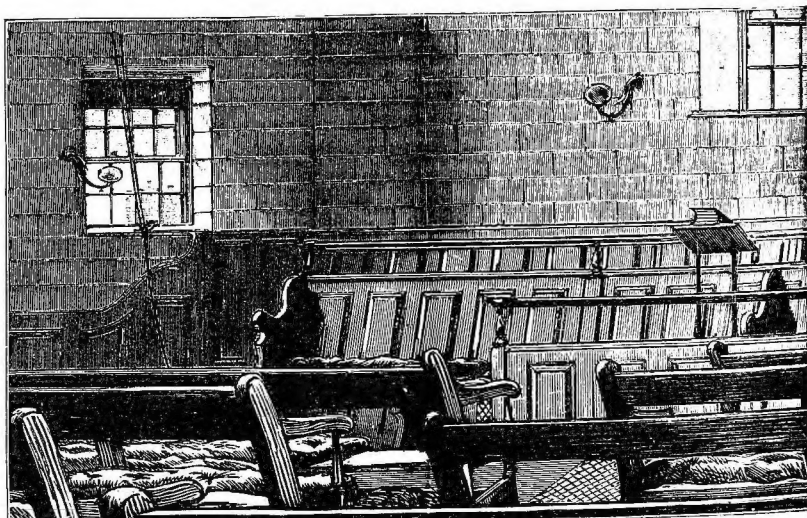
All Rochdale was jubilant on the 16th of November, 1881, when Mr. Bright's seventieth birthday was celebrated with great enthusiasm. Addresses were presented to the right hon. gentleman from various towns and public bodies, but none moved him more deeply than that which he received from the workpeople of Messrs. Bright and Sons, and which formed a pleasing retort to the malicious slanders of Mr. Bright's political opponents as to his relations with the employees of the firm. Replying to the address of his workmen, Mr. Bright took a retrospective glance at the history of the people, and said in conclusion: "It is more than seventy years since my father established his business here, and I trust it may continue for another period as long, and with as great harmony and tranquillity as we have witnessed during the past period. I beg to thank you most kindly and most heartily for this Address, which I shall put with others of a like character; but I can tell you truly, that there is no Address from any part of the country, or from whatever people, that I shall value more than that which has been presented to me by you, my friends and neighbours, on this pleasant and interesting occasion." In answer to an Address from Birmingham, Mr. Bright thus referred to his political labours: "I doubt whether they can be sustained very much longer after that time which King David spoke of as a sort of termination, if not of a man's life, at least of his labours. However, whether the time be long or short, whether it ends at the close of this Parliament or goes into another, of this you may be quite sure—that as long as I have memory to trace back what has taken place, as long as I have intelligence to judge the past and the present, my grateful feeling towards the constituency of Birmingham will never be lessened. It can hardly be increased; and I hope to return by constant fidelity the trust and confidence you have so long reposed in me." Manchester also remembered its old and honoured representative. A town's meeting of the inhabitants of Rochdale was held in the evening, and, in reply to an elaborately-prepared address, Mr. Bright delivered a lengthy oration, in the course of which he reviewed his own career, as well as that of popular progress in England since the abolition of the Corn Laws. Not long afterwards we find him supporting from his place in the House of Commons further Government legislation for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone brought forward his Arrears Bill, dealing with the question of rent on the principle of compulsion and gift. The operations of the measure were limited to holdings under 30 $\frac{1}{2}$  a year (Griffith's valuation), and only to such tenants as could show that their rent between November, 1880, and November, 1881, had been paid. The benefits of the Bill were to be alike open to landlord and tenant, the principle of compulsory purchase or sale being thus made equitable. To carry out the scheme about two millions might be required, of which the surplus of the Irish Church fund would furnish three-fourths. If a further grant were required from Parliament, it would not exceed half a million. Mr. Bright spoke strongly for the Arrears Bill on the motion to go into Committee.

He denied that it was a sop to discontent and agitation. While admitting that there would be some difficulty in finding out who could pay their arrears and who could not, he stated that the Court would take every reasonable precaution to ascertain the real state of every applicant's affairs, and thus guard against injustice to the State, while effectually helping the tenant. He advised the Opposition to find some more suitable mode of exercising their powers than by endeavouring to make everything that was done for Ireland by the Government appear to be wrong, especially at a time when Ministers were entitled to the support of every loyal member of Parliament. The Bill was discussed at great length in both Houses, but it eventually passed into law.

In July, 1882, political and general circles were agitated by the news that Mr. Bright had retired from the Government. Affairs in Egypt had become so complicated that Ministers interfered by force of arms, and directed the bombardment of Alexandria. Mr. Gladstone denied that the Government were at war with Egypt, and stated that

the measures taken at Alexandria were strictly measures of self-defence, and for the benefit of Egypt herself. Mr. Bright, however, considered that the action of Ministers was a manifest violation both of international law and of the moral law, and he resigned office. In justifying this step in the House of Commons, Mr. Bright delivered a speech which is now charged with great personal interest, both as regards himself and Mr. Gladstone. "It has been said," he remarked, "why have I not sooner left the Government? Why have I postponed it to this time? I may answer that by saying that my profound regard for my right hon. friend at the head of the Government, and my regard also for those who now sit with him, have induced me to remain with them until the very last moment, when I found it no longer possible to retain my office in the Cabinet. The fact is, that there was a disagreement to a large extent founded on principle; and now I may say that if I had remained in office it must have been under these circumstances—either that I must have submitted silently to many measures which I myself altogether condemned, or I must have remained in office in constant conflict with my colleagues. Therefore, it was better for them, and better for me, that I should have asked my right hon. friend to permit me to retire, and to place my resignation in the hands of the Queen. I think that in the present case there has been a manifest violation both of international law and of the moral law, and therefore it is impossible for me to give my support to it. I cannot repudiate what I have preached and taught during the period of a rather long political life. I cannot turn my back upon myself, and deny all that I have taught to many thousands of others during the forty years that I have been permitted at public meetings, and in this House, to address my countrymen. Only one word more. I asked my calm judgment and my conscience what was the part I ought to take. They pointed it out to me, as I think, with an unerring finger, and I am endeavouring to follow it." The Prime Minister viewed the retirement of his friend and colleague with deep regret, stating that, while he agreed with Mr. Bright on the question of the moral law, he only differed from him in this particular application of it.

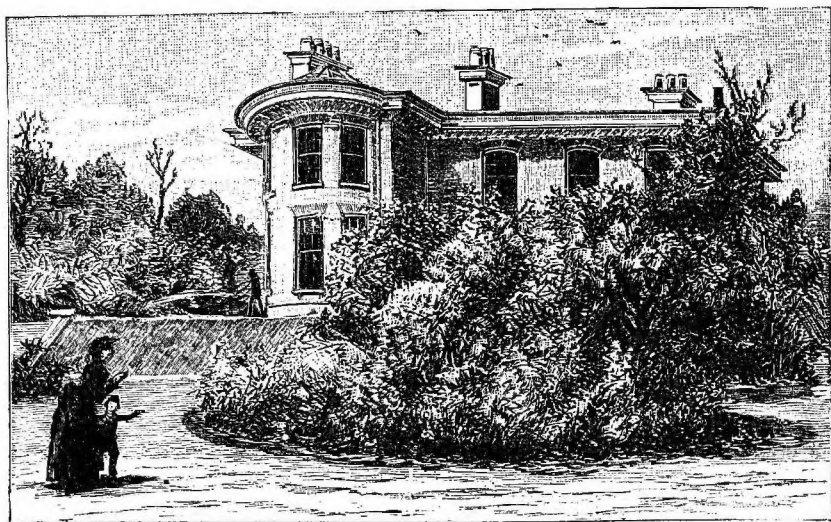
The Suez Canal question naturally interested Mr. Bright deeply, and the great industrial capital of the Midlands which, as one of its members, he represented. Dealing with it in June, 1883, at the Birmingham Commemoration, he traced the history of the famous Suez Canal, as well as the revolution it had effected in British commerce, and in the ideas of British merchants. When originally proposed, he remarked, not a single Chamber of Commerce throughout the country offered to subscribe a five-pound note to the project, and it was by the strenuous and unassisted energies of the French that it had been constructed. "If there is to be a new Canal," he urged, "we must do one of two things. We must either act with France or against France. I should not say against; but with the policy of last year in Egypt, the English policy, as was inevitable, created great irritation in the neighbouring country; and if, after the course they have taken in regard to this Canal—their enterprise,



FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE, ROCHDALE, ATTENDED BY MR. JOHN BRIGHT

their outlay of capital, their great success, we are to say, 'Now, having got possession of this country, we will have a Canal of our own; we will have no further connection with M. de Lesseps' Canal;—then, I think, a strain would be put upon the cordial friendship that now for so many years has existed between the two countries, which would be at least highly undesirable, if it would not be highly dangerous.' Referring to the Foreign Minister, Lord not be highly dangerous." Referring to the Foreign Minister, Lord Granville, Mr. Bright added, "I am quite sure he will endeavour, by all the means in his power, to support that only which is judicious, and friendly, and considerate to France, and will not allow the shipowners and speculators and men of great enterprise to dictate to the Government in the matter." Negotiations were subsequently entered into between the English and French Governments on the subject of the Canal.

Mr. Bright continued to give a general support to the Liberal Government, and on some questions was in advance of it, as was proved by his speech at the great Reform Conference held at Leeds in October, 1883. The Conference was attended by upwards of 2,500 delegates, representing five hundred Liberal Associations in all parts of the Kingdom, and was presided over by Mr. John Morley. Resolutions were passed in favour of the extension of household suffrage to the counties, the abolition of Parliamentary oaths, the provision of a better system of registration, &c. Although Mr. Bright was a delegate to the Conference, he took no active part in its deliberations; but at a public meeting, over which he presided, he cordially endorsed the resolutions, and seized the opportunity of expressing his views on the subject of minority members, and the uses of the House of Lords. Minority representation he regarded as a trick invented by the House of Lords for robbing the great towns of their legitimate power, their twelve members having more weight than fourteen returned by unimportant constituencies. In reforming the House of Lords, Mr. Bright said he would deprive that body of the right to reject any Bill which had twice been sent up to it by the Commons, thus greatly curtailing the power of compromise which, under the existing system, the House of Lords exercised with but slight scruple when dealing with Bills in which the Liberal majority of the House of Commons had a strong interest. Speaking at Keighley two months later, Mr. Bright replied to the charge that he was "becoming Conservative in his old age." He held that "the English constitution was not based on, and never aimed at, the principle of universal suffrage; and that the desire of every reformer, who was not at heart a revolutionist, should be to enlarge as far as possible the existing basis of the Constitution, and not to substitute some alien foundation." He reiterated his conviction with regard to the representation of minorities, that the system then in partial use was un-English and unjust. On this point he was at issue with some eminent members of the Liberal party.



"ONE ASH," MR. JOHN BRIGHT'S HOUSE AT ROCHDALE





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THE LATE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT  
DRAWN FROM LIFE



During the year 1884 Mr. Bright several times warmly defended the new Franchise Bill, and, with something of his old vigour, delivered a severe philippic against the House of Lords at Birmingham on the 4th of August. Nevertheless, in addressing his constituents on the 29th of January, 1885, Mr. Bright showed that there were several points upon which he was not in accord with the new and advanced school of Radicals. Conspicuous amongst these was the Disestablishment of the English Church, a question which he did not believe would be ripe in the next Parliament. He ridiculed and condemned the "war scare," and its sympathisers in England, and declared against Imperial Federation as "childish and absurd," while he regarded an ever-growing Empire as "a delusion and a snare." At a banquet given to Lord Spencer, Mr. Bright spoke of the ex-Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland as one of the most noble and most honoured statesmen of the day, and denounced the Irish Nationalist members as disloyal to the Crown, and directly hostile to Great Britain. Four days later (July 28th, 1885) Mr. Callan brought Mr. Bright's speech before the House of Commons as a breach of privilege; but, after a warm debate, the motion was rejected by the overwhelming majority of 154 to 23 votes.

The year 1886 witnessed the separation of Mr. Bright from the great Liberal leader whose policy he had admired and supported for a quarter of a century. This difference of opinion must have been equally painful both to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. The Prime Minister having brought forward a scheme of Home Rule for Ireland, a number of Liberal Dissenters, including Mr. Bright,

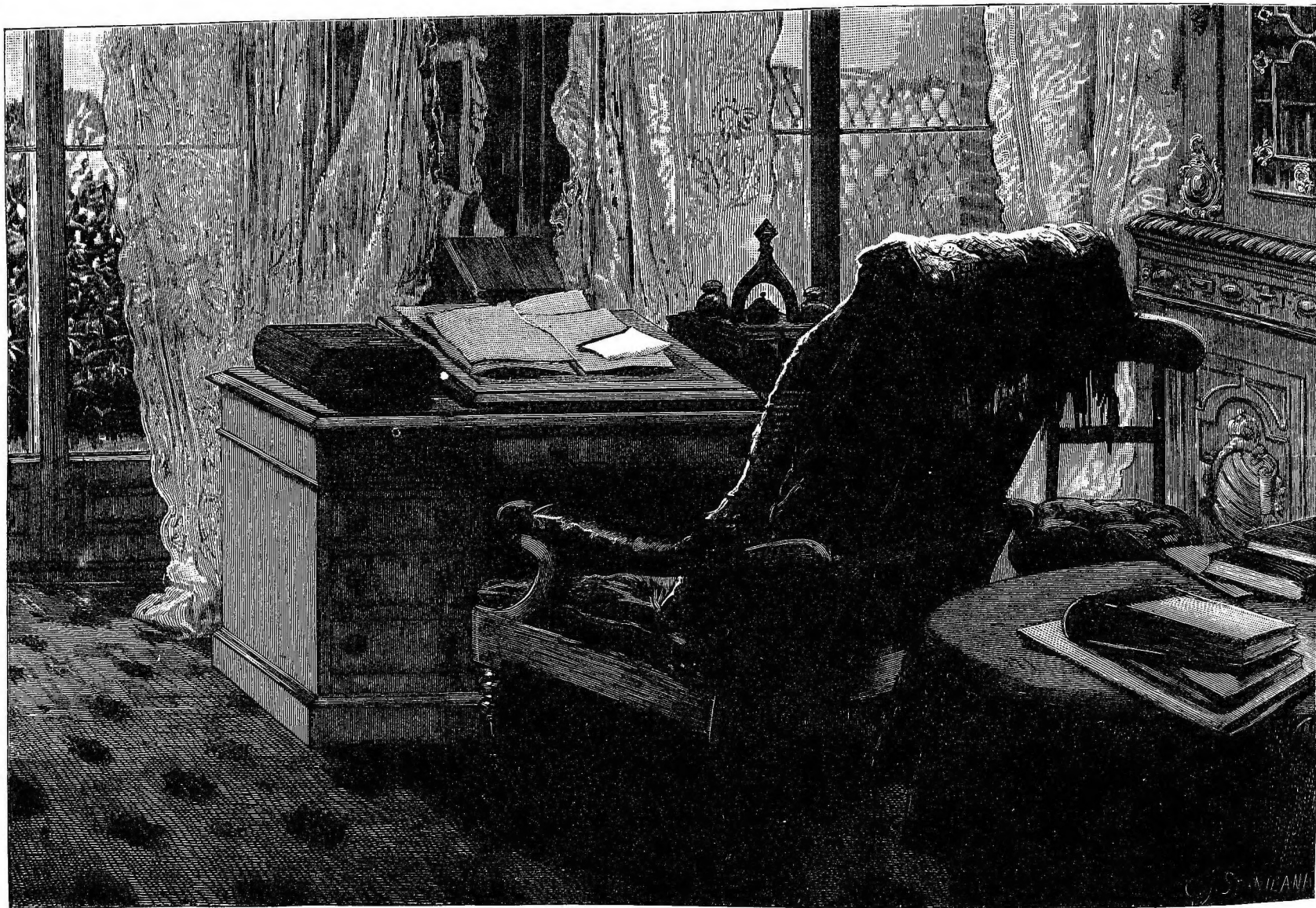
representatives refuse to surrender judgment and conscience to the demands or the sudden changes of their political leader. The action of our clubs and associations is rapidly engaged in making delegates of their members, and in insisting on their forgetting all principles if the interests of a party, or of the leader of a party, are supposed to be at stake. What will be the value of party when its whole power is laid at the disposal of a leader from whose authority no appeal is allowed?

Mr. Bright, who had frequently been represented as a man of the most advanced and even dangerous views, now became a favourite in circles where his name had formerly been received with execration. As an example of the strange revolution effected in Tory sentiment, an Oxford University conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L., an honour never offered to him when he was at the zenith of his fame as an orator and a statesman. At Birmingham, on July 1st, 1886, Mr. Bright strongly condemned both the Home Rule scheme of Mr. Gladstone and the Land Purchase scheme. This speech called forth a letter from Mr. Gladstone, who denied having successfully concealed his thoughts on the Irish Question in the previous November, seeing that he had expressly stated that if the Irish elections went as was expected, the magnitude of the question would throw all others into the shade. Mr. Gladstone also pointed out that the position in Ireland had wholly changed from what it was in 1881, when there was a conspiracy for marching through rapine to the disintegration of the United Kingdom. The writer also denied that he had endeavoured to thrust the details of the Land Purchase Bill upon his colleagues and upon the House of

expresses an opinion adverse to the payment of members of Parliament, on the ground that he does not wish to make Parliamentary life a trade; and on numberless occasions he writes letters of advice to political and other correspondents. To the last Mr. Bright was a consistent advocate of peace amongst the nations. He recommended the Peace Conference of Chicago to declare for the adoption of a permanent Arbitration Treaty between England and the United States. In a letter read at a meeting of representative Englishmen and Americans held not long ago at the Kensington Exhibition Buildings, and presided over by the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. Bright warmly advocated a Treaty between England and the United States. He considered that if a permanent Treaty could be concluded, it would prove a great step towards that general disarmament amongst the nations which he long, and ardently, desired to see.

Respected in his political relations, in private Mr. Bright was one of the most genial and attractive of men, as all those who knew him intimately can testify. He was as earnest in his pleasures as he was in his work. He was passionately fond of the country, and especially of the grand scenery with which the Scotch Highlands abound. As is well known, he could throw a fly with any one, and wait with exemplary patience for the fish to rise. In his younger days he was a proficient swimmer, and, as far as indoor recreations were concerned, he could play a more than creditable game at billiards.

His love of humanity needs no insisting upon, for it permeates all his speeches; but he had also a great affection for the



MR. BRIGHT'S STUDY AT "ONE ASH," ROCHDALE

united with the Conservatives, and the Government were defeated by 343 to 313 votes. Mr. Gladstone appealed to the country, but the Conservatives and Liberal Unionist forces being greatly in the majority, he resigned office, and Lord Salisbury became Premier.

While the electoral fever was at its height, Mr. Bright addressed his constituents of the Central Division of Birmingham. He declined to pledge himself to the principle of the Home Rule Bill, on the ground that it might be innocent or most dangerous, according as it should be explained or insisted on, in future bills. "I cannot give any such pledge," he exclaimed, with emphasis. "I firmly disapprove of the existence of two legislative assemblies in the United Kingdom, believing that no Irish Parliament can be as powerful and as just in Ireland as the united Parliament sitting in Westminster. My six years' experience of the Irish party, of their language in the House of Commons, and of their deeds in Ireland, make it impossible for me to consent to hand over to them the property and the rights of four millions of the Queen's subjects, our countrymen in Ireland. At least two millions of them are as loyal as the population of your town, and I will be no party to a measure which will thrust them from the generosity and justice of the United and Imperial Parliament." Mr. Bright further wrote a letter in support of the candidature of Mr. W. S. Caine, a prominent Radical Unionist, for Barrow. This letter was widely quoted and commented upon, as the opinion of its distinguished writer on the great question of the day. "It is not pleasant," he remarked, "to see how unforgiving some of our heretofore Liberal friends are if their

Commons. "If I am a man capable of such an intention, I wonder you ever took office with one so ignorant of the spirit of the Constitution, and so arbitrary in his character. Though this appears to be your opinion of me, I do not think it is the opinion held by my countrymen in general. You quote not a word in support of your charge. It is absolutely untrue." Mr. Bright hastened to reply that the Liberal leader had asked the constituencies to send him a Liberal majority large enough to make him independent of Mr. Parnell and his party, and yet he had since completely surrendered to Mr. Parnell. With respect to the Land Bill, he thought that its owner's friends and opponents and the country had a right to know his intentions on so great a matter. "Though I thus differ from you at this time and on this question," added Mr. Bright, "do not imagine that I can ever cease to admire your great qualities, or to value the great services you have rendered to your country." It is consoling to the friends of both these eminent men to know that before the end came for Mr. Bright he had exchanged friendly greetings with his old and honoured leader. In his great speech at Bingley Hall, in November, 1888, Mr. Gladstone made a touching reference to Mr. Bright, and the latter sent, from his sick bed, a message of personal kindness to the head of the Liberal party.

Probably with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, no public man ever received so many letters as Mr. Bright from persons asking advice, on all conceivable subjects. We now find him condemning the rigid enforcement of the Compulsory Clauses of the Vaccination Acts; on another occasion he is demolishing some Fair Trader by unanswerable facts and overwhelming arguments; on another he

animal creation—dogs being his special favourites. He possessed that devoutness so highly esteemed by the poet, which consists in the loving "all things both great and small." Though the friend of the toiler and the poor, it says not a little for the sturdy Quaker that his sterling qualities should have commanded the admiration of the Queen herself. Her Majesty would have been only too happy to distinguish in some way her illustrious subject, but he cared nothing for titles, though he rejoiced that he should have earned the esteem of his Sovereign.

The substantial life-work of this great popular leader had been achieved some years before his death; and looking back upon his career, it is one which all Englishmen may warmly admire, whatever be the complexion of their political views. In the earlier part of his life, and, indeed, to some extent in his later years, Mr. Bright was accustomed to deal trenchant blows, but he knew that the reforms he desired could never be achieved by rose-water eloquence. Yet his manifest sincerity, his courage, his fearlessness of consequences, and his fidelity to conviction, proved him to be thoroughly British to the backbone. His oratory was of a very high type. With the simplest elements of language, he was able to stir men's hearts to the depths and it may undoubtedly be said that his countrymen had no idea of the marvellous force of the homely Saxon tongue until it was wielded with such masterly skill by Mr. Bright. Whether as man, as orator, or as statesman, his loss will be long and deeply lamented by the whole of the Anglo-Saxon race; and, as his venerable form passes for ever from their gaze, Englishmen may well exclaim, "Truly a great man is fallen in Israel!"